

JUNE 1903

THE RED BOOK



A SHORT STORY MAGAZINE

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Read "A POINT OF LAW" IN THIS NUMBER

A dramatic story by DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS
Author of "Golden Fleece"

THE RED BOOK presents with satisfaction, in this number of the magazine, one of the most distinguished features to be found in any current periodical. Readers have long known what DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS can do with fiction in its more familiar forms, but here in **THE RED BOOK** he gives evidence of ability and power in a field not heretofore attempted by him. For **THE RED BOOK** he has written his first play, a strikingly interesting episode of American life, full of the human quality, and ending with a denouement at the same time natural and theatrical. It is calculated equally for delightful reading and for stage production, amateur or professional. It is a distinct triumph for any writer to be able to unite in a single literary product, qualities which mark such a distinguished success in literary excellence and fascination for the reader, with the dramatic powers of the practiced playwright. **THE RED BOOK** considers itself and its readers to be congratulated that this genuine literary novelty appears in its pages, and predicts that some one in the theatrical world will find it a prize, as truly as will the readers of the magazine.

STORIES IN THE JULY RED BOOK

The July number of **THE RED BOOK** will be full of clever fiction by the best writers. Among the stories ready to announce, are the following:

"**THE BEST LAID SCHEMES**," by Louise C. Howe, a story of an attempt at match-making, and how it came out.

"**JOHN ROBINSON, PROMOTER**," by William R. Lighton, a story of a bursted land "boom" in a western city, and the havoc it wrought.

"**WITH THE HELP OF THE ALPHABET**," by Norvell Harrison, in which a cryptogram becomes the ingenious reply to a persistent lover.

"**A WORSHIPPER OF ISIS**," by C. S. Valentine, a strange story in which the plot goes all the way around the world and back again; and a dozen others of like interest and merit.

The cover and illustrations of the July number will show the same artistic skill that characterizes those of the current issue.

WATCH THE RED BOOK

THE RED BOOK is a magazine of short stories, the best stories that can be obtained anywhere, not only from authors of high fame and recognized ability, but those writers who are just beginning to win their laurels, and whose contributions frequently have a freshness of spirit and virility of style not to be found in some of wider reputation. As an earnest of the literary excellence and invariable interest of the material to be presented, attention is called to the noteworthy list of contributors and attractive fiction found in the table of contents of this number, facing this page. **THE RED BOOK** invites the submission of manuscripts of short stories, and will render prompt and careful editorial judgment as to their availability.

Manuscripts must be sent flat or folded—never rolled—fully prepaid and accompanied by an addressed and stamped envelope for return. The utmost care will be taken of manuscripts submitted, but the Editor cannot be responsible for loss or damage in the mail or otherwise. Manuscripts should be between 1,000 and 6,000 words in length. Any clean, original story may be available. There is no purpose to limit the field to those of one form, and manuscripts submitted for consideration will be judged upon their merit alone.

BEST FICTION BY BEST WRITERS

THE RED BOOK

EDITED BY TRUMBULL WHITE

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DRAWN BY VICTOR R. LAMBDIN

"Isn't he a noble man, Vincent?"

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THE RED BOOK

June, 1903

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The

library" at Colonel Pickett's—an old Southern country house near Bloody Ground. The

French windows are open, and the huge, fluted columns of the porch frame a superb view of wooded hills and rolling fields. On the walls are colored prints of English hunting and racing scenes, framed photographs of horses, and an oil-painting of a most aristocratic black stallion. The one bookcase, a sort of doorless closet, contains a jumble of books on horses, cattle, sports, and theology, with a few college text-books.

Against the large writing-table leans a girl—Colonel Pickett's daughter, Genevieve. She has a fresh, brilliant skin, an innocent, cheerful, pretty face. Leaning against the window-frame, and gazing wistfully toward the hills, stands Mrs. Holcombe. She is handsome, is about thirty years old, and has the look of that kind of experience which stamps itself upon the face in melancholy. She is wearing a simple but fashionable pink and white costume; in her big white hat are two great plumes, the ends just touched with a delicate shade of pink; she is swinging absently against the front of her dress a pink and white chiffon parasol. Genevieve is studying Mrs. Holcombe with

admiration and an ingenuous envy that could hardly be called sinful.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—How peaceful and restful and—innocent it is here!

GENEVIEVE.—Yes, but one gets so tired of peace and rest and—innocence. I do long for something to happen.

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*looking at her sadly*).—And I—if I could only feel sure that nothing would happen! The truth won't make an impression on you—I shouldn't have believed it at your age. But you may learn that in this world happenings are mostly suffering. A little intense pleasure, but you pay for it with intense pain—bitter anxieties, bitter disappointments, bitter regrets.

GENEVIEVE.—I'd risk that. But you won't forget your promise to have me visit you at New York. I do love New York, though I've never seen it. Things happen there!

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*embarrassed and trying not to show it*).—Oh, no—I shall remember. But—you mustn't count on it—our plans are so unsettled. We are wanderers—to Europe and back, from New York to Vincent's place in Pennsylvania—perhaps here again when our house is rebuilt.

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course I'm sorry your house burned, but if it hadn't been for the fire I might never have known you. Why, we didn't even know that Mr. Holcombe had a wife—I don't mind telling you now. When we sent over to invite him because we feared he had no place to go, we were so surprised to learn about you. And then you came—these three weeks have been the happiest of my life.

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*the color high in her cheeks and her voice strained*).—But I had never been to Vincent's place here until this summer—I came only three days before the fire, dear—you remember. And then, too—

GENEVIEVE (*instinctively feeling that she ought to help her out*).—Oh—it wasn't really strange. Mr. Holcombe only bought here a year ago—wasn't it? And we knew him just a little. But we'd thought him a bachelor—he didn't look married. And (*she puts her arm about Mrs. Holcombe*) you were such a beautiful, wonderful surprise—

A MAN'S VOICE FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE PORCH.—Miss Genevieve! Miss Genevieve!

GENEVIEVE.—There's the gardener—about the flowers for you.

(She rushes out and into the arms of Vincent Holcombe who is coming along the porch from the left. She blushes as he catches and holds her for an instant. They both laugh, and he releases her and stands looking after her. He is in light gray flannels—a cynical, dissipated-looking man of forty, of the kind usually described as "good fellow." His good-fellowship consists in spending a great deal of money upon his own amusement, and in being too self-indulgent ever to make himself uncomfortable merely for the sake of making some one else uncomfortable.)

HOLCOMBE.—Pretty child—that. How nice youth is to look at, and what a bore when it begins to prattle. But (*to Mrs. Holcombe, who has seated*

herself) what are you looking so glum about? And what are you planning there on the carpet with the tip of your parasol?

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Vincent, I haven't spoken to you about—about it—for nearly two years, and—

VINCENT (*frowning as a "good fellow" always does at mention of a disagreeable subject*).—Good! Don't speak of it for two years more. I'm not going to give you the whip-hand just yet. But why break out when we're getting on so comfortably? You know it irritates me. Things are well enough as they are—for the present.

(He wanders about the room, examining the pictures.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Because a crisis is almost here. I have always tried to be open and fair. I wished to give you a chance. Can't you imagine how I feel? (*She rises and intercepts him*) Vincent, when I see the dear old Colonel or that child coming, it seems to me that I ought to be wearing a sign and ringing a bell like those lepers we saw—

HOLCOMBE.—You oughtn't to care about anybody but me. No—you can't work on my sympathies—

(Colonel Pickett enters by the door to the left. He is a Southern gentleman of the old school, tall and straight, with white hair, mustache, and imperial, and aggressive eyebrows. He is carefully dressed in white linen, and the bright blue of his tie harmonizes with the color of his eyes. He shows clearly that he is a simple, kindly, ardent man, both lamb and lion—a believer in honor, in love, and also in hate.)

COLONEL PICKETT (*with a courtly bow to Mrs. Holcombe*).—Always dazzling in a new way—I've been urging Holcombe to keep you here a little longer.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Even if Vin-

cent didn't have to go, we would leave for very shame. Think, Colonel, we've been here three weeks, practically self-invited.

COLONEL PICKETT.—Why—I feel as if you were one of my daughters—'pon honor I do. And Genevieve—it has been a great pleasure to me, ma'am, to see how you and she have come to love each the other.

GENEVIEVE (*entering with a rush from the door to the right*).—Isn't it dreadful—Jennie and Bertha have come over and I can't get rid of them for an hour at least—and this our last day!

(Genevieve links her arm affectionately in Mrs. Holcombe's. Mrs. Holcombe looks uneasily at Colonel Pickett, then at Holcombe, who is seated, reading "The Turf." She shyly kisses Genevieve.)

GENEVIEVE.—I'll free myself as soon as ever I can—then, by that time, you'll be through with your business.

(As she passes her father on her way out, he pats her on the head proudly and approvingly.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—You see, Holcombe, how your wife has won us all. Trust a good woman to recognize another good woman.

(Mrs. Holcombe reddens and looks nervously at Holcombe. He is apparently absorbed in his paper, but has an expression of cynical amusement. Mrs. Holcombe notes it, compresses her lips, and turns to Colonel Pickett.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—She is a beautiful girl, Colonel—in face as in



"I do long for something to happen."

character—and so beautifully innocent.

COLONEL PICKETT.—She is indeed, ma'am. She's been raised in our old-fashioned way. We know

only two kinds of women—innocent ones and bad ones, just as we know only two kinds of men—gentlemen and scoundrels. And we don't tolerate either bad women or bad men. In that way we keep our community up to the mark. We don't turn our honor over to the keeping of lagging courts and shysterling lawyers. Ah—here is Jessop—at last—and just as I was talking of lawyers.

(Jessop appears on the porch and enters at the window. In spite of the heat he is in black broadcloth. His face is as unsophisticated as Colonel Pickett's, but heavy and dull. Mrs. Holcombe looks intently, as if fascinated, at the small black bag he is carrying.)

JESSOP.—Good day, Colonel Pickett. Good day, madam. Good day, Mr. Holcombe. I hope I have not kept you waiting.

(He puts the bag on the writing-table and draws a bundle of papers from it.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—I suppose you've left the deed behind.

JESSOP.—No—here it is.

(He hands it to Colonel Pickett, who glances through it indifferently.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—No doubt it's all right—yes—yes—sixty-seven acres—yes—yes—seven thousand nine hundred and fifty-three dollars—yes—let Holcombe look at it—here, Holcombe.

HOLCOMBE.—Oh, I'm sure it's all right. No use in my reading it.

(He goes to the window and begins to read with the greatest care. Mrs. Holcombe watches him with suppressed excitement.)

JESSOP.—Have you got the check ready, Colonel?

COLONEL PICKETT.—No, bless my soul. I forget everything.

(He seats himself at the table, takes a check-book from a drawer, and writes.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—I think I'll

go, Mr. Jessop, while you gentlemen are arranging your business.

JESSOP.—No, you must stay, madam. You—

HOLCOMBE.—Fearful mess of words, Jessop. And what's Anita—Mrs. Holcombe—got to do with it?

(Mrs. Holcombe grows pale and trembles slightly. She clasps her hands together nervously. Her eyes are very bright.)

JESSOP.—Why—in this state—in any state, I think, sir—the wife also must sign a deed. You see, she has her dower-right in real estate.

HOLCOMBE.—Oh—(*he laughs*)—I forgot—to be sure.

(Mrs. Holcombe flushes, but with a triumphant smile.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—Are you all ready, Holcombe?

HOLCOMBE.—Yes—let's get it over with.

JESSOP.—But we must have two witnesses.

COLONEL PICKETT.—I certainly am getting old. Excuse me—I'll telephone Moberley and Brown to come up from the stables.

(Colonel Pickett goes out through the door to the left. Jessop is at the table busy with the papers. Mrs. Holcombe stands in front of her husband and close to him.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Vincent—please say you will—voluntarily.

HOLCOMBE.—Oh, I see—you are threatening me with a scene. You wish me to think you'll refuse to sign if I don't promise to gratify your vanity. But you won't—I'm not afraid of that—you'll sign all right. You're far too sensible to stake anything on a losing game.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—No—it isn't that way—but you'll see. I often wonder how it is possible for such a combination to exist in one man—

such baseness and such—*(she sighs and turns away)*.

COLONEL PICKETT (*entering from the left*).—They'll be here in five or ten minutes.

(Mrs. Holcombe seats herself at the writing-table, takes up the deed, and glances at it.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*smiling sweetly at Colonel Pickett*).

—All this reminds me of a queer story. You know, Colonel, Vincent and I wander about a great deal, and meet all sorts of people, some of them very unusual. There was a man—I'll call him Smith, as you might know him if I gave his real name—he was a business friend of Vincent's. I'd often seen him at the races with a woman whom I supposed was his wife. They kept to themselves always.

(Holcombe, who is at the window, wheels about and stares at Mrs. Holcombe. Colonel Pickett and Jessop are so seated that they cannot see him.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*returning her husband's stare with a defiant smile*).—You remember them, Vincent? He knows the story by heart, Colonel. I really ought to apologize to him for making him listen to it again. Well, once when we were crossing, Smith and the supposed Mrs. Smith were on the steamer. She was a bad sailor and so am I, and it happened that our chairs were side by side on deck. Lying there each almost against the other, day after day, we fell into conversation

and she became extremely confidential. She told me about herself. It seems she came of a good family in



"No doubt it's all right."

the country, down in Pennsylvania not far from where Vincent has a stock farm. She'd been brought up quite quietly and innocently and had

been married when she was very young—seventeen, I think she said—do you remember, Vincent?

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*glowering at her*).—I'm sure I've forgotten.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Well, it doesn't matter. When she was nineteen and her first baby had been dead a few months—I forgot to say that she was a silly, romantic creature, full of all sorts of dreams and desires, and that her husband, so she said, was a dull, very practical person—meanly jealous of her, keeping her close when there was no reason for it. A few months after the baby died and life was hideous to her, she met a dashing, handsome, rich young man, what they call a "man of the world." To her he seemed a hero straight from a romantic novel. We'll say his name was Smith—I'd better not give his real name, had I, Vincent?

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*struggling to control his confusion and anger*).—I think it'd be wiser not to, Anita.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Smith, then. And Smith was always there when the husband wasn't, and Smith was plausible, perhaps in earnest in his fashion—and—and—and she ran away with him.

COLONEL PICKETT.—It was a scoundrel trick on his part. Why, she was only a child!

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Yes, she was utterly inexperienced and had taken her perhaps fancied sorrows and wrongs like a child. He promised her that just as soon as she was free, he would marry her. She believed in him. And she didn't understand that what she was doing was, in the eyes of the world, not a freak of naughtiness, but a mortal sin.

COLONEL PICKETT.—Pitiful. Shameful. Thank God, in this part of the country we know how to treat such a man.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—But listen,

Colonel—that is not the worst. She was divorced—she was free. She waited for him to fulfil his pledge. And the weeks, the months passed—and he put her off—and put her off—(*Mrs. Holcombe's voice trembles and the tears stand in her eyes*) You should have heard her tell it, Colonel. It seemed to me I was living it. I could see it all—her youth—her ignorance—her loneliness—her love for the man who had taken her away—how she waited—then hinted—then begged—impleaded—the sleepless nights—the awful days—the anguish—the despair—

(Colonel Pickett and Jessop are profoundly moved by Mrs. Holcombe's graphic manner. Holcombe goes out on the porch.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*her tone laughing, yet menacing*).—Don't go, Vincent—I'll be brief.

(Holcombe returns, and without looking at her, seats himself behind Colonel Pickett and Jessop.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—At last she knew that she was betrayed, that he wasn't going to redeem his promise—because—well, perhaps a queer kind of jealousy influenced him—a desire to keep her a helpless, abject dependent, hiding from every one except him. And when she realized that he was deceiving her, she fled from him—though she loved him—fled and hid herself—got work as a shop girl, as a servant.

COLONEL PICKETT.—Splendid! Splendid!

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—But, Colonel, as you'll see, she wasn't a heroine, only a weak human being. The man we're calling Smith hunted her out. When he found there was no other way to induce her to return, he—(*Mrs. Holcombe looks strangely at Vincent*) he married her. But, listen! It was a mock marriage. She lived

for two years in a fool's paradise, then she stumbled on the truth.

COLONEL PICKETT.—The d—d scoundrel—pardon me. And of course she left him?

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—No—she was no heroine—as I warned you. She had no place to go—no friends. Her only hold on respectability was the mock marriage. Her only hope was through him—that he would some day do her justice—he promised as soon as his father died, he would. But again he put it off—always some new excuse. And—she waited and watched and hoped. She studied and planned. When he, like so many others—like Vincent there, became a citizen of this state to avoid taxes, she looked into the marriage laws here. And she learned—tell me whether I am right, Mr. Jessop—she told me that under the laws of the state, if a man lets a woman sign any legal paper—a deed, for example—which implies that she has a lawful claim upon his estate as his wife, that makes her his wife.

(Holcombe grows pale and half starts from his chair, then sinks back and smothers a curse with his hand.)

JESSOP.—Quite right, ma'am. She would be his wife.

(Holcombe rises in extreme agitation.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Now, *please*, Vincent, *please* let me finish!

COLONEL PICKETT (*looking at Holcombe impatiently*).—This is most interesting. I'm sure you'll permit us to hear it all.

HOLCOMBE (*in a strained voice*).—Oh, certainly—pardon me.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Thank you, Colonel Pickett. Well, her chance came—he was selling part of his land. And he took her to the house of the gentleman who wished to buy it—a gentleman, like yourself—who knows,

perhaps one of your neighbors. He took this woman—not his wife—into that gentleman's house to visit—what would you do, Colonel Pickett, if a man were to play you such a trick, bring her into contact with your daughter, lay you and your family open to the danger of being in-



"No—she was no heroine—as I warned you."

volved in a scandal?—what would you do?

COLONEL PICKETT (*calmly*).—Kill him, ma'am—kill him like a rat or a snake. And if he escaped me, he would have to reckon with my sons, with every man in the connection.



"His face red, his eyes down."

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Isn't he a noble man, Vincent?

(She rises and goes to Colonel Pickett and kisses him. Vincent shifts uneasily, his face red, his eyes down.)

COLONEL PICKETT (*rosy and delighted*).—There, there, my dear. You've got me all wrought up with your story. But I'd do it!

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—I know you would—and so would the gentleman in my story. But, to go on with it, the man we're calling Smith either didn't know, or had forgotten, the law, and when the time came to sign—But I'm exhausted. You tell the rest, Vincent—I know you're tired of being silent. What did Smith do?

HOLCOMBE (*composed, as the Colonel and Jessop turn toward him*).—Well, gentlemen, this man Smith—whose side of the story, by the way, hasn't been told—

COLONEL PICKETT.—We can guess it. Those d—d scoundrels, pardon me, ma'am, always make the same excuses. They—

HOLCOMBE (*interrupting, and with difficulty controlling his temper*).—At any rate, he refused to let her sign. She very foolishly let him see in time that he'd been trapped. And he—put off the sale

COLONEL PICKETT.—But didn't she come out with it? Didn't she give the gentleman the chance to compel him to choose between acting honorably and death?

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—No, Colonel, it wasn't necessary. They were all assembled just as we are. But she managed

to warn him that if he persisted in putting off the sale, she would appeal to the honorable man whose confidence he had outraged. And he thought it over hurriedly and—to do him justice he was always ashamed of his conduct toward her—he—well—he decided that he preferred to live. He was so fond of life and of smooth sailing, wasn't he, Vincent? And he was fond of her in his way, don't you think so, Vincent?

(Enter Moberley, Pickett's head trainer, and Brown, his assistant. Both show signs of a recent and hasty, but careful, toilet. They advance awkwardly.)

JESSOP.—Ah, here we are at last—your story just filled the wait, Mrs. Holcombe—and it's sound law, sound law, ma'am. (*He spreads out the deed on the writing-table.*) Now, Mr. Holcombe, your signature first, please.

(Holcombe rises and sullenly seats himself at the table. He pretends to read the deed carefully again. There is a long silence, Mrs. Holcombe watches him with covert anxiety as he hesitates.)

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*banteringly*).—Now really, Colonel, in cool blood—do you think you'd kill a man for doing what Smith did in my story?

(Holcombe's hand is unsteady as it moves the pen slowly toward the ink-well.)

COLONEL PICKETT (*sternly*).—I'd kill him, ma'am, if he were my best friend. We're brought up here to know how to deal with scoundrels and

how to defend ourselves and our families against insult.

(Holcombe signs and rises from the table.)

JESSOP.—Now, Mrs. Holcombe—just here, please—just below your husband's. Sign your christian name.

MRS. HOLCOMBE.—Are you *sure* you wish it, Vincent? *Must I sign?*

HOLCOMBE (*with a mocking bow and smile*).—Why, certainly, my dear.

MRS. HOLCOMBE (*writing*).—Anita—*Holcombe*.

(She blots the signature carefully, looks at it with her head on one side. She rises and Moberley and Brown in turn sign with great deliberation and awkwardness.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—That will do, Moberley. That will do, Brown. We're obliged to you.

(They bow themselves out, shuffling, stumbling, and fumbling. Mrs. Holcombe, who has been seeming to inspect the books in the bookcase, turns and again sits in the chair at the writing-table. She is very white and her eyes are feverishly brilliant. She looks long at the signature. She begins to laugh. Her laugh swells into a hysterical gale. She throws her arms forward on the desk and buries her face between them, her form shaking with sobs. Colonel Pickett looks wonderingly from wife to husband. At last his gaze rests sternly upon the husband. He walks round the table and lays his hand tenderly on Anita's shoulders. He gently draws the deed from under her arms, folds it, and hands it to Jessop.)

COLONEL PICKETT.—Jessop, see to it that the deed is recorded this very afternoon.

A Club Comedy

BY AUGUSTA DE BUBNA

After a warm and animated discussion, "The Merry Wives of Windsor Literary Club," of the cultured little town of Windsor, N. M. W. (no matter where), voted upon the matter in hand. The motion was made, seconded, and finally carried, with but few dissenting voices.

It was resolved then and there, that in spite of some unpleasant and sarcastic remarks made in reference to women's clubs, the men who had made them should have coals of fire heaped upon their bald heads; and husbands and brothers should be invited to attend the season's final meeting.

"We'll make it a social affair, as well," said Mrs. Bray, the president, "and give them a supper, and have toasts, and speeches just like men."

"Oh, it's all very well to be amiable and nice to them, I suppose," replied Mrs. Merriam, who was smarting under an innuendo recently resented, in regard to their club, "but you all know as well as I do that they laugh at us, and accuse us of not conducting our meetings according to parliamentary rules, as men are supposed to do. But for my part, I failed to discover any rule or reason in the way the Fourth District School committee behaved the other night. I actually thought they would come to blows before the meeting was over, and the gavel fairly boomed with temper, and Mr.—"

"Oh, bother, who cares what they say about one's ways of conducting," interrupted Mrs. Joy, the vice-president. "They all know quite well, parliamentary or unparliamentary, we

women accomplish all the work done, in all sorts of organizations, and as for this club of ours, has it not held together for over five years without the bare suspicion of a fracas?"

"That, my dears, is because we have such a perfectly lovely president in Mrs. Bray. She knows when to be deaf, dumb, and blind, and while she is strict enough, dear knows—you all remember how she insisted upon my writing a paper on that horrid, old, cross, dyspeptic Carlyle—"

"She at the same time knows just what each one of us is capable of doing, and your paper was fine, we all remember that," Mrs. Garrison interrupted, enthusiastically.

"Our club is certainly a *very* superior one, ladies," said Mrs. Bray, "and we may all feel proud of the work we have done. When you consider that in five years we have made a triumphal march of as many centuries, coming down in a dignified, intelligent manner, from 'The Canterbury Tales' and 'The Faery Queen,' to 'Paracelsus' and the 'Idyls of the King'—"

"To say nothing of hobnobbing with King Henry V., sighing with Romeo, flirting with Benedict, and roistering with Falstaff, we certainly may consider ourselves very 'Merry Wives of Windsor' indeed," laughed Mrs. Perry.

"Yes," chimed in Mrs. Wilcox, whose husband was a leader in the public affairs of the town, "we have had a smattering of sociology, too; and our civics are not to be scorned if our literary studies are! Haven't we 'village improved' the town? Would



"Just opened his eyes and whistled."

the creek ever have been cleared of its fever-breeding debris if we had not gone at the subject with our broomsticks, figuratively speaking, and would the new water-supply question ever have been settled had not our club gone from door to door, from office to office, and brought out the votes?"

"Yes, indeed!" cried another; "and I am quite sure the Spanish-American war was successful partly on account of our interest in and work for it. Didn't our club's Red Cross Society do lots? And I am sure we read all the newspaper correspondents' accounts of the battles."

"And look at our art and science sections! See what we have learned about the—"

"And our physical culture and hygiene! Why I can touch my toes with my fingers, so, and do all sorts of gymnastics," cried Mrs. Berthe,

who weighed a hundred and seventy pounds, and illustrated her assertion at once as proof of her skill.

"And we none of us take a back seat, and hold our tongues when men discuss politics any more," put in timid little Mrs. Reynolds; "my husband just opened his eyes and whistled the other day when I talked over the Monroe Doctrine with him—we had had it in the club that day, and I was well stocked with information on the subject."

"And for all these good reasons," said Mrs. Bray, looking very wise and important, "we will invite them to the meeting and let them see and hear for themselves that a woman's club has been, is now, and ever will be conducted just as well as any of theirs; of course we may be a little shaky on Cushing's Parliamentary Law, but ladies are not obliged to have rules to keep them polite. And

I am quite sure we will surprise them!"

Whereupon, "The Merry Wives of Windsor" put their pretty twenty-five heads together in conclave, and made out a program for the meeting that should at once interest, amuse, and outwit any other ever attempted by man or woman.

As the time drew near the evening of the reception, the ladies confided to one another at odd moments the

nounced Words,' laughed Mrs. Merriam, who was the critic of the club.

"And I nearly screamed outright when Dick asked me in what century the poet 'Ibid' lived! He has been looking up quotations, and his Latin, as well as his poetry is a little rusty," said Mrs. Little, blushing violently, as she thus revealed her husband's blunder.

There was certainly a fermentation of intellect, masculine as well as femi-



"The drug store, that tea-table gossiping resort for men."

deep interest their husbands appeared to manifest in their own shortcomings as to their ability to compete in learning with so august and literary a coterie.

"I discovered the Doctor studying up his Chaucer surreptitiously the other day," said Mrs. Joy.

"And Mr. Bray had his encyclopedia down last night looking up Egyptian architecture," returned the president, smiling.

"And my husband carries a pocket edition of 'One Thousand Mispro-

nine, at work in the little town of Windsor, and an effervescence of a spirited nature would be the result, sooner or later. The women whispered and consulted together daily, and the men joked among themselves as they met at the bank, on the street, or in the drug store, that tea-table gossiping resort for men.

"It will be as good as a vaudeville," said Senator Cook. "They'll squabble before it's over, you see if they don't. These women's organizations, with alphabet titles, always



"Studying his Chaucer, surreptitiously."

spit and scratch and bite when they hold their feline festivities."

"Queens of the ring—Corbett and McGovern can't beat 'em," laughed Mr. Merriam. But in spite of their comments, the men all quite enjoyed the prospect of an evening at "The Merry Wives of Windsor Literary Club."

"It won't be parliamentary, but it will be Epicurean," said the Judge, smacking his lips in anticipation of the canvas-backs he heard were to be on the menu.

The eventful evening at last arrived.

The large parlor and banquet-room of the village hotel, which the club had secured for their entertainment, were gayly decorated with the pictures and busts of the artists, poets, scientists, philosophers, and literati with whom they had "marched down the aisles of five centuries." The president was very fond of parading their studies in this military parlance.

The women were attired in their newest and prettiest toilettes, and looked both radiantly beautiful and highly intellectual as they came forward to receive the hitherto prohibited masculine visitors.

The guests all arrived, the president, Mrs. Bray, took the chair, which was decorated with a splashing big bow of blue and gold ribbon, the club colors, seated herself with a swish and flutter of silk and chiffon, and called the meeting to order with a cute little ivory gavel, from which dangled ribbons as well. This feminine frill quite upset the Judge, who came near strangling himself in a laugh-concealing cough. The brief exercises, however, were all conducted in an up-to-date parliamentary manner. And the Judge blandly smiled his approval, looking at his colleague, the Senator, who whispered back: "Not so very bad, after all."

The women had not immediately

put questions at them, nor propounded ethical and metaphysical problems, as the men had somehow imagined perhaps they would do; but they did talk very well indeed upon the various topics presented, all of which somehow savored of adroit preparation. Mrs. Bray certainly knew just how to pair off her guests in congenial fashion.

There were one or two literary traps sprung on them; to be sure; one, a "game of characteristics," in which from the initials given the company were asked to try to discover who the celebrities were. The guests entered into the spirit of the game with zest, and in the "conundrums of authors" which followed, acquitted themselves very creditably, the Judge getting off an original one, in which he gallantly brought in the vice-president's name as a quotation from Keats—"A Thing of Beauty and a Joy."

When they were invited into the banquet-room, however, and presented with the white satin bill of fare, all fancifully painted in blue and gold, they found the menu a puzzle and a poser.

Each course was disguised under the head of an appropriate quotation, and the card read as follows:

I'll be with you in the squeezing of a lemon.
—*She Stoops to Conquer.*
BLUE POINTS.

I smell it, upon my life, it will do well.
—*Henry IV.*

MOCK-TURTLE SOUP.

Eat of the fish.—*Hamlet.*

SALMON.

It is a condition which confronts us; not a theory.—*Bulwer.*

TURKEY.

Feel Markee, how I shake.—*Henry IV.*
CRANBERRY JELLY.

A thing of custom—'tis no other.—*Macbeth.*
ROMAN PUNCH.

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods.
—*Julius Caesar.*

CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in it.
—*Twelfth Night.*

SALAD.

Oh! what men dare do; what men may do;
what men daily do; not knowing what
they do!—*Much Ado About Nothing*.

PLUM PUDDING.

Sabean odors from the spicy shore of Araby
the Blest.—*Paradise Lost*.

BRIE CHEESE.

A wilderness of sweet and tart.—*Milton*.
FRUIT AND CANDIES.

I'll not sleep one wink.—*Cymbeline*.

COFFEE.

Certainly that is a duty, not a sin.—*Wesley*.
LIQUEURS.

the waiters had brought on the liqueurs, apollinaris, and cigars, and retired, Mrs. Bray, the president, rose in her seat, rapped on the table with her nut-cracker, arched her fluffy pompadour, and in a nervous sort of manner, said to the surprised-looking members: "Ladies, as president and leader of your club, I would like to announce to you that I have arranged



"It certainly has caught our home philosophers."

The men floundered through the poetical fancifulness of the clever courses, with most prosaic and practical appetites, and everything had been conducted in such good order, as well as taste, that the guests began to bethink themselves of the apt and complimentary speeches they felt were due the occasion, when something occurred which, while it had indeed been prophesied, perhaps was totally unexpected when it came.

As the feast was about to end, and

a delightful program for our next season's consideration, and one which I feel quite sure you will approve: it is a study of comedy, from the earliest writers, Aristophanes, Menander, and—"

"Madam President!" interrupted Mrs. Wilcox, rising from her seat at the end, and speaking in a tremulous, high-pitched voice, "as the regular election of officers of this club will take place at our next regular meeting, it is not quite—quite—you know

—in order, for you to assume as to whom the president and leader of next season's work will be"; and she sat down with a flushed face.

The women all looked a trifle scared.

"The office of president, it seems to me," cried little Mrs. Joy, piping up from the other end, "should be a temporary one, and as Mrs. Bray has already served five terms, it might be best, to—to—you know—" and she broke down, and sat down.

The men kept their eyes fastened on the table-cloth. They did not dare look at one another.

"For my part, ladies," exclaimed Mrs. Garrison, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief as she spoke, "I should think it a burning shame to speak out in this unkind manner before Mrs. Bray. She has been the most perfectly lovely president—" and she suppressed a sob.

"Fanny, sit down, and be still!" whispered her husband.

"I won't be still! I'll talk until I am dumb, on this unwarrantable breach of—of—" She sat down, however.

"Maria, for heaven's sake, keep your seat and your temper," whispered Dr. Gaines to his spouse, who now made a motion of rising, her eyes flashing, and her rosy cheeks growing rosier. She twitched her arm away from his restraining touch, and resumed her seat with a flounce of indignation. The men now glanced furtively at one another. They did not smile either. They looked very

uncomfortable, indeed, and they felt that masculine wisdom was no match for feminine hysteria.

"Mama," cried Miss Julia Bray, fanning herself furiously with her menu card, "if I were you, I would resign from this club at once!"

"Ladies, really this is most unfortunate," began Mrs. Bray, rapping on the table again with her nut-cracker, so hard this time as to cause one of the ladies to jump and shriek, and Mrs. Garrison again hid her eyes in her handkerchief. And still the men looked blankly at the cloth. What should they say or do? It really would be "as good as a vaudeville" if only it were not so outrageously ridiculous, unseemly, and shameful to see one's own wife performing. Alas! why was it not possible for women *en masse* to contain their petty hysterical emotions!

There was an ominous silence for half a minute. Then Mrs. Bray, thrusting back a stray curl that had escaped from her pompadour, arose and said very sweetly, looking down the line of guests as she spoke, "Well, gentlemen, how are you pleased with our little comedy? It is not exactly after Aristophanes and Menander, to be sure, but it certainly has caught our home philosophers—a very good joke well played on you, 'most potent, grave, and reverend seigneurs.' Ladies," she continued, bowing to the women, "I compliment you upon your brilliant piece of acting; our little comedy has been a success."



The Story of Saint Billy

BY CHARLES MICHAEL WILLIAMS

It was past four o'clock in the morning, and the big windows of the studio were dimly pale in the first faint light of dawn. I gathered up the scattered boards and cards of the duplicate whist set, and threw them

away, had elected to sleep with me. I was about to arouse him and get to bed, when the door opened and Brady came in.

He was, as usual, half-t tipsy, and more than usually untidy and ragged.



"Just listen to this."—Page 131.

into the Morris chair, behind which, on the divan, Stewart, the painter, was asleep. The others who had attended my little party had gone home, but Stewart, whose wife was

I sighed and sat down again, for well I knew by experiences manifold that the broken-down novelist and newspaper man was not easy to escape from. He began his customary re-

quest for the "loan" of a dollar, and I began my customary refusal.

He interrupted me. "Oh, all right. But you are one of those literary chaps; like to see your name in the papers, eh? Well, will you buy a story?"

"Certainly, if it is any good," I answered. Business is business, even at four o'clock in the morning, and loafer as Brady might be, he always knew what a good story was.

"It should be worth five dollars for me, without writing it," said he, "and a lot more for you, with your pretty pen."

"Well, give me the story," I answered, "and we'll see."

He looked at me with his odd sneer, and lugged a flask from his pocket. "Will you drink?" I shook my head.

Taking the bottle from his lips, he asked, "Is old Stewart drinking hard as ever? I see he's back with you. I haven't seen him for five years. I've been out of town of late. He's a regular tank."

This amused me. I glanced at Stewart. He was still asleep. "Why, Brady," I said, "Stewart never drinks. He's the steadiest man in the studios. They call him the sky pilot. It's a standing joke that his wife and his mother call him 'Saint Billy.'"

It was Brady's turn to be amused. "How long have you known Stewart? About two years, eh? Well, I knew him long before that. Did you know it?"

"No," said I, "and I don't care much, either. I want to go to sleep."

"Wait till I tell you that story. It's about Stewart, but you can change the names in it to suit yourself," begged Brady.

"I don't care about gossip—" I was beginning, when I saw that Stewart was sitting up, staring at me, with his finger on his lips, and nodding his

head. The meaning of the gesture was unmistakable. I looked at him in surprise for a moment, and then I said, "All right, Brady, go ahead." I sank back in my chair, lighted a pipe, and added, "But make it short and sweet." Brady had not seen the artist, I was sure, and I was wondering why Stewart wished to have this scallawag drag forth some story of his past. I wouldn't want my own past dragged up, I know—especially at four o'clock in the morning by a man whose specialty was shady stories.

Brady spoke in husky yet fluent tones, and drank at frequent intervals from the flask of whisky. I looked at him curiously at certain points in his narrative, but he betrayed no emotion in face or voice. Perhaps the damned have the same composure.

"It all came about," he began, "through a little game of poker which the Warners, two nice, quiet boys, brothers they were, had arranged to play with Stewart and me, who were not, exactly, either nice or quiet; Stewart was not a 'saint' in those days, whatever he has developed into since.

"How the Warners first came to fraternize with Stewart and me I don't remember. We had all been at the one school as boys, I know, and the Warners seemed to have a great admiration for the work that Stewart and I were engaged in. Stewart's was a name to conjure with, even then, in the picture line, and I was—well, just destroying my own name. The Warners, being clerks in some office or other, appeared to deem it a great pleasure and privilege to associate with Artists—capital A, please. So we borrowed their money, beat them at poker, and let it go at that—eh? You look surprised?"

Brady grinned at me. I glanced at Stewart. He, with his big arms folded across his broad chest, was



"Ah, Stewart, happy, happy Stewart, after all." - Page 133.

looking steadily at the unconscious story-teller.

"And so it came about," Brady continued, "that on a night in June, oh, quite a number of years ago, the Warners and I were sitting on Stewart's battered chairs in his big uptown room, kicking our heels and cursing

on the level; but the little Warners scarcely had your dear Saint Billy's experience or skill.

"We had waited for an hour, perhaps, when the door opened and Stewart appeared, looking worse than even I had ever seen him look before, although for the past six



"It was a portrait of Stewart's mother."—Page 129.

him to pass the time away. We had come to play poker, but without Stewart no game was possible, which fact made my profanity the stronger. I was broke that night, not an unusual circumstance at any time with me, and had looked forward to recuperating a little. Remember, the Warners nearly always lost in those games. I never did. Stewart did sometimes. Not often, though. He always played

weeks I had been watching him steadily breaking down, priding myself meanwhile for the way I stood the pace. I was a fool, for Stewart was then at the end of his tether and I was just stretching on mine.

"He swayed to and fro in the doorway, looking with bleared eyes upon us.

"'Boys,' he said, thickly, 'you see what's the matter. I'm no good.

I've been drinking all day, and I forgot the appointment here. Well, Phil, what have you to say about it?"

"Oh, it's all right, Billy," said Phil Warner, whose special chum Stewart was. "You might have taken more care to keep your word, but it's all right."

"Stewart lurched across the room and collapsed upon the bed. He looked vacantly at me for a moment, and then turned to the Warners, knowing that it was to them he must justify himself. I, of course, did not matter, being in the same boat with himself. Why, your sweet Saint Billy used to treat me as if I were his jackal, curse him!"

"Look here, Phil," said he, "come up the night after next. I swear I'll be straight by then, and we'll have a good little game. And I'll be up to see you to-morrow."

"With this understanding, after a little more talk, the Warners departed. I remained—for the reason that I had no other place to go, my landlord having turned me out of my room that day, and I had left my trunk to pay rent. He did not make much out of that bit of business, for I fancy the pawnbroker had the best of the bargain. I had another reason for staying, and I proceeded to uncover it.

"Well, Billy," I began, "you're the deuce of a nice man, aren't you?"

"What's the matter with you?" he growled.

"Matter enough," said I; "why didn't you turn up as you promised to do?"

"Oh, you're a fine chap to speak about broken promises, aren't you?" he sneered. "You who were only looking for the boys' money. Let me tell you one thing. I believe that you have been sharpening those boys, and if we play again and I catch you at it, you will go head first out of the

window, do you hear. And, confound you! Do you think that I'd apologize to you? You—" And he lapsed into rather strong personalities.

"It wasn't my game to quarrel too strongly with Stewart just then. Besides, he stood over six feet in his stockings, while I—well, you see my stature. And I should have been left bedless, and that prospect dismayed me in those days. Since then I have slept out in fifteen states, which shows how a man may develop. And I was used to Stewart's bitterness, anyway. I bore with it calmly enough, but I did not forget. This story will show you that. But all I said then was, 'Oh, all right, Billy, we won't fight about the thing. I want to stay here to-night, if you don't mind.'

"Suit yourself," said he, and rose and walked unsteadily to the mantelshelf. Above it there was a cracked and dusty mirror in which his face was distortedly reflected. Below the glass was a large photograph of an elderly woman, whose face was woefully wrinkled, sadly careworn. It was a portrait of Stewart's mother. Perhaps his lips had pressed hers in love."

Here Brady broke off to ask me a question.

"Look here," blinking at me with bloodshot eyes, "I seem to be growing sentimental. Why did not that thought come to me that night when things, if it had done so, might have turned out so differently, and why does it come now when nothing can change what has been done?"

I made no answer. It is my business to observe men and women as best I may, and to write of them as best I can; and I have learned enough of life to fear it; I will utter no judgments, formulate no dictums, for who knows what fruit will spring from lightly spoken words? All words

are seed. And why should I add to the pain of this broken man? I looked at Stewart. He was regarding Brady steadily. So I answered not, but asked a question in my turn: "Brady, I am no father confessor—why do you tell me these things?"

The old sneer came back to his lips as he reached for the whisky. He said—and the words impressed me more than would have an elaborate explanation of this revelation of iniquity—"What does it matter now? And there should be a five spot in it for me, you know.

"Stewart took a heavy drink of whisky from the bottle on the shelf, and another just before he tumbled into bed with his clothes on.

"'Help yourself,' said he, and in two twos was asleep. I sat up for an hour or two longer, writing—and I, even I, could write in those days. Then I walked to the mantel, had another drink, and stood for a moment gazing idly at the sorrowful, pictured face. And then—Fate? Chance? or the Devil?—I happened to see an open letter lying close to the wall behind the photograph. I took it up. I glanced carelessly at the opening lines. Struck into sudden attention by a phrase, I read the letter through.

"It was one of the most unconsciously pathetic things I ever read in my life. It was to Stewart from his mother. I have forgotten the text now, but if you care to look up the files of the *Daily Messenger* you will find the letter printed in full in the issue for June 20, 1894. She begged her son to return to her. Why did he leave her alone in her old days? And Mary, Mary still loved him, although he was breaking her heart, and his poor mother's heart, by his neglect, and his wild ways. But they both prayed for him all the time. She begged him to forgive the last

letter she had sent him, when she reproached him so bitterly. She had so written that time because she could not bear to see Mary, the lonely girl he had said he loved, pining away under her eyes. Her own pain she could bear. But now she wrote and asked her Will to come to see them both, at the least. Perhaps, by and by, even if he could not do it now, he would break away from his wild ways and return to them for good, but even if he couldn't do that now, surely he would not utterly neglect them. She had no other child, she reminded him, and of late her health had not been good. Would he not come to her?

"The letter was a fortnight old. And Stewart had not gone to her, nor written to her. This I knew, for I had been with him all the time, except that day, and his fortnight's spree had only come to a climax that day.

"I took a copy of the letter, and lay down beside Stewart with an idea in my head. I stayed by Stewart all the next day, and that night I sat in his room, and while he drank himself to sleep I wrote the thing out in style—and I could write in those days, let me tell you, Mr. Magazine Writer. Of course I did not use names, but anybody who knew Stewart—and he was well known—could not fail to see who was meant. I carried the story to the *Messenger*. It was a story after that disgraceful paper's own style. The letter was copied in full, and the color of gloom was piled on thick, but judiciously, sir, judiciously. Stewart was not working on the paper at that time, and there was bad blood between him and the owner of the paper, who had political aspirations, and whom Stewart had caricatured in scalding style in another sheet. The story came out in the morning, and was carried over into the evening editions.

"So far so good, but I was at a loss how to bring the thing properly to Stewart's attention. He did not read the *Messenger*—decent people shunned it. Even if I should send him a marked copy it was likely enough that he would not open it; at least, not whilst he was still on the spree. I pondered the matter.

"I passed the day in certain saloons, drinking considerably, and in the evening I called for the Warners with a bit of a jag on and a copy of the *Messenger* in my pocket. They said nothing; so they had not seen the yarn.

"Together we went to Stewart's room. He was out. On the table, with the cards and tobacco, he had left a note saying that he had merely stepped out for a moment to get some beer for our refreshment, and asking us to wait should we come before his return.

"We did wait. We waited an hour, and then the Warners, in a very bad temper, arose to go. But I did not wish them to go yet.

"Wait a bit longer," said I, "it's early yet. I guess Billy is having a few extra ones to begin the night with; met some one whom he could not shake, probably. Here's the *Messenger*, Phil. I haven't looked at it myself. I never do'—which was a lie.

"He turned at once to the sporting page. For a long half-hour he folded about and rustled the paper, being a conscientious reader, whilst I helped myself to nips of whisky under the fire of George Warner's reproving look.

"At last Phil found it. I saw his face flush and his eyes start wider open as he read.

"'Good God!' he exclaimed, abruptly.

"'What's the matter?' I asked, pouring out another drink.

"'Just listen to this,' said he, and read aloud to the last word that story of mine. When he finished he arose, George with him.

"'Are you going to wait for Stewart—now?' he asked me.

"'Yes,' said I. My work was not completed.

"'Just tell him, then, from George and me, that we wish to have nothing more to do with him. Anybody who would act as he has been doing, especially to his mother, is not fit company for jail-birds. Tell him not to come near me—not even to pay what he owes!'

"Turning to go, he stopped in the doorway, crumpled the paper in his hands, and flung it toward me. The door was open, and a sudden draught swept the paper out the nearby window. Just then unsteady footsteps sounded on the stairway, and going to the door I saw the brothers pass Stewart on the landing without word or sign of recognition. He stood for a moment, gazing after them blankly, and then he lumbered into the room with a big parcel of beer bottles under his arm and sat down heavily on the bed.

"He was trembling. His eyebrows twitched spasmodically. His long, white hands were interlacing nervously. He bit his finger nails. He was pretty far gone, was Billy—Saint Billy—that night, but he was to go farther.

"'Well,' said he, thickly; 'what's the row with the Warners?'

"And I told him, very delicately, you may believe, now that my hour had come, what Phil Warner had said; told him in words that must have seared themselves upon his brain for life.

"He stared at me confusedly, and at last asked, quietly, 'So; how did they know anything about—about my mother?'

"They read something or other in the *Messenger*; some kind friend of yours seems to have been roasting you, and then they got hold of this letter here. Phil picked it from the floor, and thinking it was part of a story I was writing, he read it."

"He took it with a look of such surprise as startled me. He read, and then looked at me with a face from which all color, even that of liquor, had fled.

"Brady, Jack Brady," said he, "I swear before God that I never read this letter. I opened it when it came the other day, but a man came in to see about some drawings, and I forgot about the letter. I laid it aside. I never recollect it again. I thought my mother and—and the other person—were through with me for good, and I have been on the drink, hard. Yes, I forgot this letter as I have forgotten all things all my life. I shall go to her right away. I never read her letter. And she forgives me!"

"What!" I cried.

"It is so," he said, and I knew that he spoke the truth. And I swear now as he swore then, that had I known the truth, I should not have written that story! Oh, my accursed cleverness, my drink-begotten callousness to the claims of friendship and of decency! How my deed has haunted me, and driven me like the Wandering Jew through the world—but never mind—that's my story, and this is Saint Billy's.

Stewart lay back in his chair, a picture of horrid misery. His red hair fell tangled over his blood-shot eyes, and his voice when he spoke again ran up and down, shrill and then hoarse. He groaned aloud. And once—it was horrible—he tried to pray.

"I jumped to my feet, scared.

"For God's sake, hush!" I cried. "Here, take a drink."

"Right! Right!" he bawled. "Let's have a drink. That's the way to do."

He drained the whisky at one gulp. He seized a bottle of beer and broke its neck off against the window sill. He poured out a foaming glass full.

"Here," he said, "drink, drink till you lose friends, respect, everything. Why not? I have done it? Come, drink!"

"I refused. I was too shaken to drink with him. I was wondering when the thought should strike him: 'Who wrote that thing in the *Messenger*?"

"Oh, you don't like to drink out of broken glass, then? Have another!"

"I shouted, 'No!'

He threw the bottle from the window. It fell with a crash upon a flat roof a few feet below the sill. The others followed. As the last of the beer bottles left Stewart's hand, instead of flying straight out into the darkness, it fell tamely from suddenly stiffened fingers as Stewart staggered back a pace, crying in a whisper, "Great God! What can that be?"

"I sprang to his side as he stood there, pointing with a shaking hand into the darkness outside.

"Look!" he whispered, clutching my arm, "what is that?"

"With a nasty feeling at my heart I saw, I certainly saw, an impalpable, shapeless Something coming through the air, through the black air towards us. My first impulse—nerve-shattered as I was—was to shriek, and Stewart, as he clawed my arm, was shaking with something more than fear. In the next moment we both were laughing, in shaken laughter, however, for the fearful Something was nothing more than a sheet of paper which the wind had lifted from the roof below and carried in to us.

"Never was laugh of mine cut so

short, for as the thing slowly drifted along and wrapped itself with the last impulse of the draught of air—as if going to a destined mark—I saw that it was the *Messenger*.

"Stewart lay back, and although the sweat of his terror was yet upon his brow, he tried to say, lightly, 'Oh, come, now, Mr. Ghost, tell us the news of Heaven or Hell.' He spread the paper out. I snatched at it, and there came a screaming cry from Stewart. He seemed to take in that whole accursed story at a glance, and then he was upon his feet uttering horrid, inarticulate cries deep in his throat, like a dumb man, shame and agony eating in him like an acid.

"And it was just then that I heard the step on the stairs.

"Stewart staggered across the room. He plucked open a bureau drawer. There was a glint of steel. I sprang for him. He wheeled to face me, crying, 'You wrote that! Why not you first, you hell-hound?'

"And as I fell back with the fear of sudden death upon me, from before the leveled revolver, I again heard the step on the stairs, and now it was at the door.

"Behind me a fumbling hand turned the knob, and over my bowed head Stewart saw, as his finger was contracting on the trigger, two women enter. Crying out 'My God! Mother,

Mary!' he fell forward on his face, the crack of the pistol ringing out above the thud of his fall—"

Brady stopped.

"Shot?" cried I, although the living Stewart was before me.

"Oh, no," said Brady, with a shrug of his shoulders; "he had only fainted, and his sweetheart was holding his head, and his mother was on his breast, sobbing, crying, kissing him, calling him back to her—he was again her child, her little one, who had stumbled. Ah, Stewart—happy, happy Stewart, after all. I sneaked away. . . . Tell Stewart sometime, will you, that I am—am sorry? That I—I am very sorry for what I did? And isn't the yarn worth a five spot?"

Stewart's hand fell on his shoulder, and turning, he cried out and shrank back from an expected blow. But Stewart said, tenderly—and when a man's voice grows tender to a man, onlookers are in the way—"Jack, old man, I am glad, I am mighty glad—I wanted to know all about that affair—about how you felt, what made you do it . . . old man."

And as they turned to tramp up and down the room together I got away. . . . But, like Brady, the curse of ink is heavy upon me, and I had to write the story.



A Borrowed Babcock

BY MARY AND ROSALIE DAWSON

The greyhound "Empress Augusta," second day out from Sandy Hook, was steaming her way majestically through a sea placid and well behaved as any frog-pond.

Anticipated agonies in the form of seasickness had not been realized; the most untrustworthy stomach on board was one hearty breakfast to the good; and a general feeling of exhilaration prevailed among the passengers, now beginning to appear on deck in smiling groups and pairs.

G. R. Upjohn, who was making his tenth annual trip in the interest of a large New York linen house, reflected in his genial countenance the universal satisfaction. He had been one of the first on deck that morning, and had made himself master of everything that was to be known about the "Empress Augusta" or her present human freight—facts ranging in character from the hour and minute in which they might expect to land at Southampton, if the vessel continued at her present rate of speed, to the name of the actress occupying the deck-cabin suite, and the number of divorces to her credit so far.

Socially as well as meteorologically the trip promised to be an enjoyable one. He had made several pleasant acquaintances at dinner the evening before, and was eagerly expecting their reappearance. A tour of the deck, when he returned from the smoking-room after breakfast, failed to reveal any sign of them, and he dropped down upon a deck bench facing the companionway to wait.

As he sat down, the well-dressed and attractive-looking young fellow who stood near by, with his back to the water and elbows resting on the rail, glanced up with a friendly smile. They fell into a conversation, which afforded an outlet for Upjohn's recently acquired information. He was deep in an account of the actress and her divorces when two young women, accompanied by an elderly gentleman of distinguished carriage, appeared on deck.

They passed Upjohn, apparently without seeing him, an oversight which caused the little man's face to fall, temporarily banishing all thoughts of the actress and her matrimonial complications from his mind.

"Pretty girl," remarked the stran-



"At the table opposite."

ger, with a nod in the direction of the trio.

Upjohn cocked his head appreciatively. "That's my idea of a trim figure," he said. "And she's just as bright and nice as she's pretty. A regular little breeze. Her name's Brown. From Milwaukee, she said. By George! those Western girls have a snap to them, though."

"I meant the tall girl," said the other man, smiling.

"Oh, call her pretty? Rather too much of a beanpole for my style. Give me a little woman every time. Of course, though, that tall, blonde cut is much admired. She's very pleasant, and rich as get-out. A Miss Mumford, granddaughter of Mumford's Sure Cure, you know. I met them all at dinner last evening. Awfully nice people. Afterwards Miss Brown and I came out on deck to look at the moon, and I heard all about them. Mrs. Mumford's chaperoning the party. You'll like Mrs. M. Cheerful little body. Always smiling. But say, I'll give you a tip right here; there's one member of the party you want to give a wide berth to. She's a missionary, Miss Bung, an aunt of Miss Brown's. She's on her way to convert the heathen in Bulgaria, but she doesn't mind doing a little home missionizing between times. She's got some very pronounced views on the tobacco habit. Favored me with a few of them last night when I asked permission to smoke."

"Well," smiled the young man, "if she attacks me, I'll divert her attention from my case by telling her about your actress forward there."

Upjohn gave the seat a resounding whack. "By George!" he cried, "that is a scheme! If I'd only thought of that yesterday I might have had my cigar in peace."

"And the old gentleman is Miss Brown's father, I suppose?"

"Eh? What? Oh, by George! that's a good one on him. I'll tell him first chance I get," and Upjohn fell back in a convulsion of merriment. "No," he continued, recovering, "he's no relation. Just an old widower who's joined the party. Seems to be pretty hard hit by Miss Brown. Strange what a girl can see in an Old Man's Home like that, isn't it? Miss Brown tells me that Miss Mumford's on her way to Europe to hunt up a title."

"Hunt up a title?" frowned the stranger, incredulously. "She doesn't look like that sort of a girl at all."

"Well, by George! I don't blame her for doing anything that will help to take the taste of that Sure Cure out of her mouth. I'd do it too, in her place. Did you ever think what it would be to go through life with a big bottle of that stuff as a background for you? She hears it everywhere. Can't get rid of it. Why, Miss Brown was telling that when they were traveling in Egypt together, year before last, climbing a Pyramid, I think she said, they heard a voice back of them say, 'Mumford, Mumford's Sure Cure, you know.' You'd think they could lose a thing like that at the Pyramids, wouldn't you?"

"Hard lines," said the other, sympathetically.

"Yes, tough luck! I say, would you like to meet them?"

"Why, yes, I should indeed, very much," was the eager response.

"All right. No trouble about that. We'll exchange pasteboards, and then I'll take you up there to them."

Upjohn accordingly drew out a massive wallet and presented his card.

The expression of doubt and deliberation which shot across the face of his companion was so transitory that Upjohn failed to remark it. The

next instant the stranger had recovered himself. He dug hastily into an inside pocket, producing a wallet and a card, which last he extended to the new acquaintance.

"Charles Fremont Babcock," read Upjohn. "Oh, you're from Keokuk, I see. I thought it was Chicago?"

"I put up in Chicago most of the time on account of business, but my home is in Keokuk," Babcock explained.

"Banking business?" ventured the little man. "I'm attached to White & Strong's linen house myself."

"No, I am interested in yarns—firm of Bluff & Spinner."

"That so? Glad to make your acquaintance. Just wait here a moment till I reconnoiter. The girls have gone around to the other side of the deck. I want to see if Old Mortality is still hanging on."

But Babcock was not to be indebted to Upjohn for his introduction to the Mumford ladies and their cousin. He was still awaiting that gentleman's return from his reconnoitering expedition when the cabin door swung open, revealing the figure of a round, white-haired little woman of fifty-five or sixty years.

As she stepped out, a host of small personal possessions in the shape of books, handkerchiefs, gloves, and vinaigrettes fell scattering to the deck. Babcock hastened to pick these up.

"I wonder if you can tell me which way my daughter went," she said, rewarding him with a radiant smile. "The girls left me to come on deck. But, oh, how foolish I am! Of course you wouldn't know she was my daughter even if you saw her."

"But I think I do," answered Babcock, smiling. "I think I saw you with your daughter at the table opposite ours last evening. She's just gone forward with another young lady

and a gentleman. Won't you have my arm and let me take you to them?"

"Oh, thank you! I sent the girls on deck thinking that I would remain in the dining-room with Miss Bung until she finished her breakfast. But she ordered twice of everything, and the room got so stuffy that I thought perhaps I'd better come out into the fresh air. I'm such a poor sailor. At least, I suppose I am. This is my first voyage. My daughter has crossed half a dozen times with friends, but this is the first time she could persuade me to trust myself on the ocean. And how beautiful it is, after all. As smooth as glass. Not a bit like I thought being on the ocean would be. Now, I suppose I shall be regretting all my life that I missed so many pleasant trips by being so afraid. Oh, here you all are!" she broke off, as they rounded the corner of the cabin and came suddenly upon a sunny stretch of deck in which her daughter and Miss Brown had established themselves.

"Christine, my dear, this is Mr.—Mr.—why, I believe I haven't heard your name. Babcock? Mr. Babcock, my daughter. Oh, you know Mr. Upjohn! How nice! Mr. Babcock found me coming out on deck, and seeing that I was nervous, very kindly offered to pilot me to you."

Mrs. Mumford was quickly established between her daughter and Miss Brown. On Miss Brown's left sat the widower, to the evident annoyance of Upjohn, who, as a plan for routing the elderly cavalier failed to suggest itself, presently secured a camp-stool and planted himself at the feet of the young lady.

Profiting by his example, Babcock brought a second stool and took up his position beside Miss Mumford.

The little party thus formed proved an exceptionally pleasant one. Miss Brown, far from being embarrassed

by the problem of rival admirers, appeared well accustomed to the situation, and handled the two aspirants with great dexterity. Mrs. Mumford pattered away on every side of her without waiting to be agreed with or answered, while Babcock devoted himself to Miss Christine.

The young fellow, after the spontaneous fashion of an ocean voyage, was soon established as a permanent member of the little group. From the moment of their introduction he and Miss Mumford had taken a marked interest in each other.

"Looks like a genuine case of love at first sight," said Miss Brown to Upjohn that evening. "Who is he? I wonder if he can be any relation to Charlie Babcock of Keokuk?"

"Must be," said Upjohn, digging out his wallet. "Think that's his own name." He produced the card the stranger had presented and examined it carefully. "Yes," he read, 'Mr. Charles Fremont Babcock, Keokuk, Iowa.'"

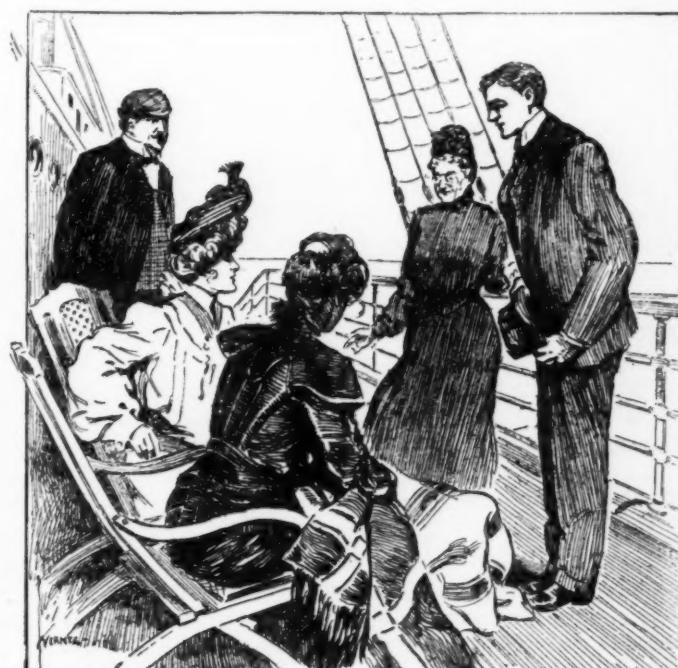
"Fremont," cried the girl, with a rising excitement in her voice. "Let me see the card, please." She scanned it eagerly in the light from the cabin windows.

"That's Charlie's name and Charlie's card," she said, in a mystified tone, "but that's never Charlie. Charlie's a great friend of my brother.

He's visited us several times in Milwaukee. I've seen his card dozens of times, when it came with flowers and books and things, you know."

"There must be two fellows of the same name in Keokuk," suggested Upjohn.

"It's possible. And just for economy's sake they might use the same



"Christine, my dear, this is Mr.—"

card-plate—but it isn't likely," she retorted. "Where are they now? I must ask him about it."

But Miss Mumford and Babcock were nowhere within eye-range. Before they reappeared Miss Brown had pleaded fatigue and gone below. Shortly afterward Upjohn followed her example. The ocean, during the past hour, had been gradually losing its glassy calm, and the little man's nautical jauntiness was rapidly oozing away.

The change in the condition of the

elements had not apparently affected the equilibrium of Mr. Babcock. He dropped in at Upjohn's stateroom seemingly in excellent spirits, before retiring.

"Been a splendid day, hasn't it?" he said, cheerfully. "Fine weather and a jolly party. By the way, what became of your missionary? She hasn't attacked me yet."

Upjohn emerged momentarily from a gathering gloom.

"I forgot to tell you," he chuckled. "Of course you needn't mention this to Miss Brown, because, after all, the old girl's her aunt, and all that. But I took your tip and put her onto the actress right after breakfast. Since that, any time she's been able to spare from the dining-room, she's spent in stalking the deck cabins, with a bunch of tracts as thick as your fist."

The morning of the third day produced a noticeable change in the "Empress Augusta."

An oceanic upheaval, which Upjohn with the nautical knowledge be-gotten of his nine previous trips, termed "dirty weather," had been produced during the night and still prevailed. The definition was given by the little man in the heaving depths of his berth, from which there seemed no immediate prospect of his issuing.

Babcock, who stopped in on his way to breakfast, found all efforts to arouse the sufferer fruitless, and abandoned him to his fate.

The elderly widower, too, was nowhere in evidence, and tables in the dining-room were all but depopulated.

Miss Mumford, who came in to breakfast somewhat later than usual, gave a dismal account of the feminine members of the party. Miss Brown, it appeared, was speechless; her sole wish one for speedy extinction. Mrs. Mumford was bemoaning herself as a perpetual expatriate, for never would

she cross that hideous ocean again, even to regain her native land. Miss Bung had made an heroic attempt to reach the breakfast-table, but had been obliged to turn back, half-way thither.

The choppy seas continued unabated during the next two days. Decks and cabins, except for a handful of hardy seafarers, were deserted.

The indisposition of the rest of the party threw Babcock and Miss Mumford much together. They spent the day swinging along the lurching decks, reading in the library, or chatting in the cabin.

The few fellow-passengers possessing "sea-legs" smiled knowingly and left them to themselves. To the least observant, it was clearly a case of two being company.

"Romance already," remarked a passenger to the captain, as they passed them on deck the fourth evening out. "Lucky fellow if he gets her. She's as rich as get-out. A Miss Mumford, of Mumford's Sure Cure, you know."

The last five words of the speech were borne back to the young couple by the wind.

Christine covered her ears with her hands. "Isn't it dreadful!" she said, laughing. "It follows me everywhere. Really, Mr. Babcock, if it weren't for mother I sometimes think I should distribute all the money among the widows and orphans of those who have taken the Sure Cure; get the legislature to change my name, and take in plain sewing."

A sudden frown contracted the young man's brows. He did not repeat to her, however, what Upjohn had told him concerning her present plan for changing her name.

Towards evening on the fifth day the sea began suddenly to abate. By the morning of the sixth the choppi-ness had resolved itself into a sunny

calm capable of re-establishing the most unseaworthy passenger. Christine and Babcock, by joining forces, succeeded in getting all the invalids on deck. The chairs were banked together in a sheltering nook formed by the deck cabins. Mrs. Mumford, stretched out between the limp figures of Upjohn and the missionary, was pale, but reviving. The two rivals were already sufficiently recovered to tilt feebly for the smiles of Miss Brown.

When all that could be done for the comfort of the invalids had been accomplished, Christine and Babcock strolled away for their morning constitutional.

The morning air was fast reanimating Miss Brown. As she watched their retreating figures, the confidential attitude of the pair recalled her former suspicions as to the genuineness of Mr. Babcock.

"Did you find out anything further about him?" she inquired, languidly, of Mr. Upjohn.

"Well, no," he admitted, in an evasive tone. "I forgot. But his name's on the cabin list. I daresay he's all right."

In answer to the startled queries of the others, Miss Brown explained the mystery of the visiting card.

"Well, do you know, there was something that struck me as a little odd the other day," Mrs. Mumford broke in. "You know what a poor memory I have for names. I quite forgot his after Mr. Upjohn had in-

troduced us. It seemed so silly to ask a name five minutes after you'd been introduced, and so I looked around for something about him that would give me a hint. I happened to look at his cuff-buttons and the initial on them was S. Afterwards, when I heard his name again, it seemed to me queer. I made up my mind that he was wearing a borrowed pair."



"Reading in the library."

"Well, he certainly isn't Charlie," continued Miss Brown, "and I mean to find out if he's a Babcock at all. I've thought of a way to do it. When he comes up this time, I'll tell him that I've just found out he's Charlie Babcock of Keokuk, and that I used to know his sister Anne well. I'll inquire for his Uncle Joe and Aunt Bertha, and ask him if he knows those stunning Clifford girls, and whether they aren't the belles of the town? Then we'll see what he has to say for himself. Charlie hasn't any sister. I'm sure of that. To

the best of my knowledge and belief he hasn't any Uncle Joe or Aunt Bertha. As for the Clifford girls, they're mere figments of my brain."

Just then Babcock and Miss Mumford strolled up to examine into the

to his cheeks. He regained his composure immediately, however, answering with a glibness which, under other circumstances, would have been convincing.

He gave excellent accounts of the well-being of sister Anne, Aunt Bertha, and Uncle Joe, concurring very heartily with Miss Brown in considering the Clifford sisters stunning girls. They were, he thought, indisputably the belles of Keokuk.

When he had finished, Miss Brown and the other members of the party exchanged meaning glances. Mrs. Mumford clutched her daughter nervously and drew her down to a vacant camp-chair at her side.

"Christine, my love, you must positively sit down and rest for a while," she said. "You are overdoing this exercise idea. I'm afraid you'll wear yourself out."

The question now became one of getting rid of the fictitious Mr. Babcock, while his case should be discussed. Miss Brown again rose to the occasion.

"Oh, Mr. Babcock," she said, sweetly, "I'm perishing for a glass of lemonade, and neither of these gentlemen seems equal to that trip downstairs. I wonder if I might trouble you? Oh, thank you so much."

The young man departed, all unconscious of the discovery of his guilt. When the swinging door had closed upon his athletic figure, Mrs. Mumford precipitated herself on her daughter.

"My child, you must positively



"Swinging along the lurching decks."

progress of their patients. When the young man raised his hand to his hat, five pairs of eager eyes centered themselves on his cuff-button. The S was unmistakable.

Miss Brown with characteristic daring proceeded to put her detective plan into execution.

Babcock was plainly confused. A dull wave of color, distinguishable under a heavy coat of ocean tan, rose

have nothing further to do with him!" she cried.

Christine, looking greatly astonished, demanded the reason.

They all told her at once.

"Well, and what if he is traveling under another name?" asked the girl, after a pause. "What difference does that make?"

The widower wagged his head significantly. "My dear young lady, people do not generally take false names until they have some reason to be ashamed or afraid of their own. In my humble opinion," he added, with a withering glance in the direction of Upjohn, "one cannot be too careful whom one introduces to ladies —especially a party of ladies traveling alone."

Poor Upjohn winced under the rebuke.

"Well, I never dreamed of such a thing," he began, apologetically. "He looked like such a nice chap. Good manners and money to burn, apparently."

"Ah, yes!" The widower pursued his advantage relentlessly. "But can we be sure that the money he has belongs to him? Let me see? There was that young cashier who absconded from the Second Street bank. What was his name? Ah, yes, Hamilton. No, that doesn't tally with the S."

"There's Seybert, the murderer. He's still at large," suggested Christine, with an ironical gleam in her eyes.

"Bless my heart, yes! But, no; Seybert was over forty. This boy is never forty. I really think, though, that the matter should be reported to the captain."

"Why not have him thrown into irons now, and telegraph to Scotland Yard the instant we reach port?" said Christine. "Remember there's a considerable reward offered for Seybert. We can all testify that it was

Mr. Evans who penetrated his disguise."

"He has a young face," murmured the missionary. "He looks like a responsive subject. He might be reclaimed."

"My love, I shall keep you always with me in the future," said Mrs. Mumford to her daughter. "You must never be alone with him again."

"Nonsense, mother! I call it very exciting," said Christine, with a disdainful elevation of her eyebrows. "I'd always fancied that murderers and absconders would be rather disagreeable persons to associate with, but now I discover that they may be charming. I think in the future I shall try to meet more of them."

When Babcock reappeared, carrying a clinking glass which he presented to Miss Brown, he was received in an embarrassed silence. Upjohn had sunk down moodily among his pillows; Mrs. Mumford was paler than ever, and trembling slightly; the missionary fixed him with mournful eyes; while the widower moved protectingly in the direction of Miss Brown.

Before the young man had time to perceive the changed attitude of the group in his regard, Miss Mumford laid her hand on his arm.

"None of these people seems to have an appetite," she said, "but I'm starving. Let us see if luncheon isn't ready."

It was impossible that this change should escape the perception of the *soi-disant* Babcock for any length of time. He mentioned it with amazement and a tone of injury to Miss Mumford, as they watched the lights of a passing steamer on deck that evening.

"What is the matter with them all?" he asked, plaintively. "They've changed so towards me, all of a sudden. I'm sure I haven't done anything to offend them. When I speak

to Miss Brown she flies to the chaperonage of her aunt. Evans looks at me in the oddest sort of way. Upjohn's sulky about something. Your mother won't let me do the least thing for her. Why, I went to pick up a purse she'd dropped to-day, and she snatched it up quickly herself, looking almost indignant. As for the missionary, she's abandoned the actress to her fate, and is devoting herself to me. I've quite a pocketful of tracts here that she's given me at different times this afternoon. Here's one headed 'Sinner, Repent!' and another, 'The Road to Perdition.' This last seems to hold out a little more hope to me. It begins, 'All Can Be Saved.' What does it all mean? What in the world have I done?"

For a moment the girl stared out into the darkness without answering.

"When young men travel under assumed names," she said, at length, "they leave themselves open to suspicions."

"And they think I am traveling under an assumed name?"

"They don't think; they know it."

"But why? What foundation have they for such a theory?"

"Miss Brown has discovered that she knows the real Mr. Charles Babcock of Keokuk. They set a trap for

you to-day, and you fell into it very neatly. It appears that Uncle Joe and Aunt Bertha and the rest of them are myths. Mr. Babcock hasn't a sister called Anne or anything else."

"And who in the world do they think I am?"

"Well," she laughed, "opinions vary. Mr. Evans is undecided whether you are an absconding bank cashier, or Seybert, the murderer. Mamma seems to have gotten you mixed up with a pickpocket. I don't know what Betty and Mr. Upjohn think of you, but Miss Bung is interested in you as a criminal of any class."

"And after hearing all that," he questioned, "you trusted me? You remained my friend?"

She turned away. He fancied she was blushing.

"Of course I knew you better than the others," she said, after a silence. "I knew that if you'd changed your name it wasn't for any disgraceful reason. I did think, though," she continued in a lower tone, "that since we've become such good friends, you might have trusted me."

He groaned.

"You are the one person on the ship whom I simply couldn't tell," he said. "Of course I'm not really Babcock. My only acquaintance with



"Miss Mumford, of Mumford's Sure Cure."

that gentleman is one formed on the train coming from Chicago. We got to talking and discovered that we were both bound for the 'Empress Augusta,' and that we were to be roommates aboard her; so we exchanged cards. We got to New York three hours late, and it then appeared that there was a girl to whom Babcock had to say 'goodbye' before he could sail. The train being late gave him a close call for it, but he thought he could make it. There wasn't time for him to look after his baggage, so he gave me his checks and asked me to see it aboard for him. It must have taken him longer to say 'goodbye' to her than he thought, for that's the last I saw of him. I came aboard with Babcock's card in my pocket, but without any intention of using his name. The impulse that prompted me to do it was a momentary one. It wasn't until I had given the card to Mr. Upjohn that it occurred to me what awful complications might arise from it."

"But that doesn't tell me who you are?" she reminded him.

"No," he said; "I'm coming to that presently, but there are other things I must tell you first. If we had not become—such—good friends lately, I shouldn't dare to say all this now, even to clear myself of the charges of murder and bank robbery. Christine, when—when you came into the dining-room that first evening, I knew that I was looking upon the realization of my ideal. Before I'd spoken a word to you, I knew your character. A girl with a face like yours couldn't have been anything but what you are—the dearest and most lovable of women. I made up my mind then and there to do everything in my power to win you.

Then, in the morning, Upjohn told me all about you—about the medicine, you know. He said you were going to Europe to marry a title."

"But that was only a joke I had with Betty," protested Christine. "Surely she didn't repeat it."

"Of course I didn't believe it," he hastened to assure her. "But altogether it made it impossible for me to meet you under my real name, just then. I thought that if I could once get to know you, to make you like me a little—afterwards you mightn't mind so much. Christine, I am Samuel Simpkins, Third."

"Simpkins," she repeated, in a dazed tone. Suddenly it came to her. "Of Simpkins' Soothing Syrup?" she faltered.

"You see I can appreciate your feelings," he went on, doggedly. "For if you've had enough of the Sure Cure, heaven knows I've had an overdose of the Soothing Syrup. I knew the thing would prejudice you from the start, and I didn't want to begin handicapped that way. I suppose now you won't have anything more to do with me—and you'll be right—though I'd do anything to win you—get the legislature to change my name, or anything I could."

What seemed to him an interminable silence fell upon them. Then Christine turned smiling and laid her hand in his.

"Won't it be funny, Sam?" she said. "Wherever we go, we'll hear people behind us whispering something like this:

"'No sickness in that family. He's Samuel Simpkins, grandson of Simpkins Soothing Syrup, and she's a Miss Mumford—Mumford's Sure Cure, you know.'"



MY UNCLE JONAS

BY
Hayden Carruth

If a good man ever lived, it was my Uncle Jonas. He wasn't my uncle exactly—genuine blood uncle—but some sort of a far-away uncle, or round-about uncle, or happen-so uncle, or second-marriage uncle, or half-uncle, or step-uncle, or godfather-uncle, or the like. I've truly forgotten how it was, and haven't time to write to my grandmother and find out. He was a good man, anyhow, and cast a luster on the family. Not that the family had to prop itself with doubtful relatives—we were all good—but Jonas Cudworthy was a credit to us, and we didn't deny him because he was a little distant and a bit uncertain. I was taught to call him Uncle Joe.

Uncle Joe was always fond of me, in a solemn, admonitory way. I can remember well how he used to take me on his knee, and after rumpling up my hair in the way that relatives and friends of the family always treat a small boy's hair, how he would smile sadly, and looking at me as if I, and I alone, had been responsible for the First Disobedience and the fruit thereof, would slowly shake his head and say:

"Young man, when you grow up, try and lead an upright life."

As the years passed he put more and more emphasis on the "try," as if real hope of any such course on my part was slowly fading. Perhaps his hair rumplings revealed bumps of potential crime undiscovered by less thorough explorers. Uncle Joe always professed expectations of being cut off in his prime, and used often to

sigh and express thankfulness that he was "spared"; but he lived to a ripe old age after all. Howbeit, my Uncle Jonas had a close call one night.

Uncle Joe had a brother named Eli. I can't recall whether or not he was also my uncle. I'm sure I was never taught to call him uncle. Possibly, however, this was because the relationship at best being but ill-defined, it was not deemed advisable to force matters, except in the case of a very good man like Uncle Joe; for Eli, though a good man as men go in this naughty world, was far from being extraordinarily good. He never expressed the least surprise at being spared; and, alas! it was he who was the cause of poor Uncle Joe's having that awful experience.

Eli Cudworthy was a watch and clock maker by trade, and kept a jewelry store in our small town. I can remember how he used to sit all day at the front window with what seemed to be a napkin-ring screwed in one eye, peering into the vitals of watches. I always envied him his opportunity to see what caused the revolutions of the wheels, and in my unregenerate way thought I should much rather be Eli than Uncle Joe, whose business I cannot now recall, though I am persuaded it was something to do with country produce.

Business, unfortunately, did not prosper with brother Eli. Folks were above the gaud jewelry, and boiled out their own clocks over the kitchen fire, and let their watches stop and looked at the sun when they would know the time o' day. He found less and less use for the napkin-ring in his eye. Finally matters reached a

crisis. That afternoon Eli came down to see Brother Jonas. They had never, by the way, been very friendly. Uncle Joe was fond of groaning over some of Eli's habits; and Eli returned evil for good by pretending to believe that Uncle Joe was not so good as he professed to be. Indeed, it must be said that, like Mr. Pecksniff, Uncle Joe had his enemies.

When Eli appeared, Uncle Joe was holding me in his lap on the front stoop, and he had just rumpled my hair and made this remark:

"Young man, when you grow up *try*—" He paused, discouraged at the utter hopelessness of the thing.

Eli expressed a desire to speak to his brother in private, and I was put down and admonished to run home. At the time I knew nothing of the interview between the brothers, but later it came out that it was to this effect:

"Jonas," quoth Eli, "things have come to a head. I just heard that the wholesale house has got out an attachment, and that the sheriff will be around early in the morning to take possession." Eli looked ruefully up the street at the house of the said official in the next block.

Uncle Joe heaved a sigh. "It's too bad, Eli; too bad," he said.

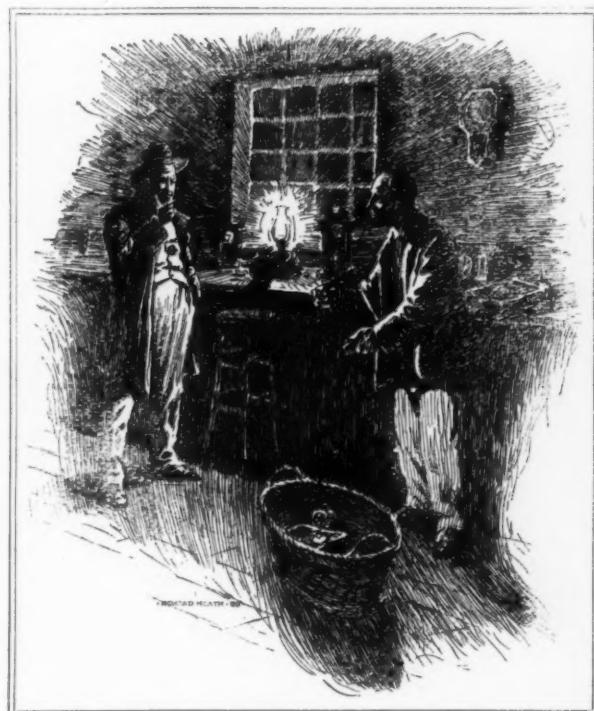
"Well, it ain't so tarnation bad as it might be, after all," returned Eli. "The stock ain't much of it paid for, you see. Let 'em have it, and I'll just go out West and start new."

Uncle Joe only wagged his head

and sighed. It was clear to him that there had been a lack of uprightness somewhere.

"You know I owe you something for butter and eggs," resumed Eli.

My Uncle Joe sat up and began to take notice. He did know that Eli owed him something for butter and eggs.



"'Eli,' he whispered, 'I don't like this.'"

"Now, I've been thinking that you might's well have a few clocks to settle the account," went on the wicked Eli. "You need one in the dining-room, and you could swap the others to the farmers you get stuff of. You come down to the store to-night 'bout half-past eleven, and I'll load you up with a few good time-pieces. Better fetch a basket. Come to the back door and rap three times."

Uncle Joe shook his head. He

couldn't think of it. The nefarious Eli spent no time in argument. He got up and departed, only remarking that he'd be there anyway in case the other should change his mind.

Just as the big, solemn clock with the brass pendulum in the front of the store pointed to half-past eleven, Eli heard three low raps at the back door. This sinful tradesman betrayed no surprise, but rose and admitted my Uncle Jonas, carrying a large clothes-basket in front of him, a handle in either hand.

"Eli," he whispered, "I don't like this."

"Put your basket down there," curtly returned the unblushing Eli. "You're simply a preferred creditor." He then proceeded to load the hamper with twelve clocks, assorted sizes, making running comment on their several merits, dispositions, prices, and other things worthy to be known by their new owner. The brothers then shook hands, and the good one of the twain passed out into the thoughtful and brooding night.

It was midsummer, and the weather was warm. There was no breath of air stirring, and the stillness, to a good man outward bound with twelve alien clocks, was oppressive. He

laid his course straight down the middle of the long street leading to his home. On either side were the houses of lifelong neighbors, with their open windows, whence was wafted an occasional snore or the fitful sigh of some tired sleeper.

My Uncle Joe proceeded cautiously, as befitting a good man under unfortunate conditions. The basket, with its horological freight, was heavy and awkward to carry. He had not gone far when he noticed that the clocks were all ticking. Had Eli thought to shut off the striking department? If not, they would soon announce the hour. He quickened his pace.

A slight misstep in the darkness caused a wire in one of them to ring out faintly. A worldly man might not have noticed it, but to the honest ears of my uncle it sounded like cathedral chimes. He moved still faster. Another wire rang out. My relative jumped nervously and started on a trot. Every clock in the basket began a merry metallic tune. This was too much for any upright citizen. Uncle Joe ran. A clock began to strike twelve. Uncle Joe split the air. Another clock began to proclaim the dread hour. Uncle Joe

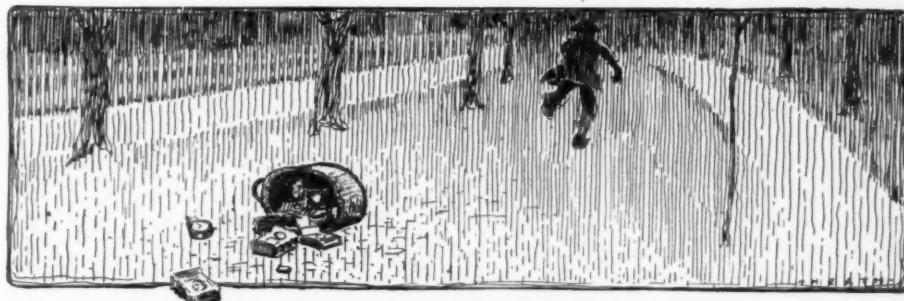


"Uncle Joe split the air."

stopped. Even goodness, he saw, could not compete with the diabolism of man's many inventions. He was in front of the house of the sheriff. Opposite lived the minister. The other ten clocks began to strike. Uncle Joe dropped the basket. The alarm on every blessed clock com-

menced going off in a Pelée of eruption. Uncle Jonas Cudworthy vaulted over the basket, and tore down the street as no man ever ran before.

All of which goes to show what a good man may expect when he listens to the voice of the wicked and unrepentant.



Gray Matter

BY J. H. DONNELLY

The little chap who had just alighted on the platform was Renwood, general superintendent of the Consolidated Trunk and Empire Star System. He walked through the station, and found Miss Blake, the president's daughter, waiting in the wagonette.

"I had some notes to mail," she explained, with just the slightest mantling in her cheeks; "I thought you might be able to get out on this train. I'm afraid you'll find it rather stupid watching us play."

After a deprecating, "On the contrary," Renwood said, "You know I've been on your links before."

"Yes," she replied; "I heard father say something about it. I suppose you're responsible for those unending trains that shriek all day long across the links."

"Indeed," Renwood said, somewhat earnestly, "I am not—at least,

not just yet. I merely had in mind the fact that I was over there by the sixteenth hole with the surveyors when they were laying out the line of the new cut-off. As for the shrieking trains, I suppose you know we've been dreadfully prosperous of late, obliged, in fact, to refuse much of the business that's offered us. We're so clogged up with traffic that the necessity for immediate relief has overruled all other considerations—among them, I fear, a proper regard for safety.

"You see, by bringing the trains over an immense hypotenuse, the cut-off not only helps to clip the limited and excursion time, but at its points of departure, just where the congestion is greatest, it relieves the pressure on the main line. On that account, last week, they opened the cut-off, although it is not yet properly blocked. All along here, for instance,

for miles and miles, the blocks are not in operation at all. That's one of the little things the public doesn't know. And that sort of thing," he concluded, "smacks too much of the wild-cat. The telegraph alone can't take care of a big railroad to-day."

"Dear me," she asked, "you don't mean to say that anything could happen?"

"Well, now," he answered, "you know things can always happen."

Just then the wagonette came to an open bend in the road, disclosing a glimpse of the country round about. Wriggling lines of foliage, little evergreen bushes mostly, or it might be an isolated clump of trees, choked the latticed folds of the hills. Here and there, like a miniature escarpment, a bunker jutted from the profiles of the undulating slopes. White hole signals flecked the verdure, and the jackets of a straggling foursome looked like poppy petals scattered on the vivid sward. The mid-September sky was undimmed, save where the horizon was blurred by a widening ring or two of smoke from a locomotive puffing miles away, along the line of the new cut-off.

"That's Dick Holloway," she said, "waiting for us on the teeing ground."

After a while Renwood remarked, "I don't believe he likes me."

"What makes you think that?"

"I don't know, precisely," Renwood answered; "he speaks to me as if he thought himself conferring a favor on me."

"You mustn't be so sensitive," she said, laughing, "though I suppose Dick has his little ways, as everybody else."

"You rather admire him, don't you?" Renwood ventured, as he looked out over the links.

"Why, really," she answered, "I don't know. Why should I admire Dick, particularly?"

"I only mean," Renwood said, "that you play with him often—that is, usually—do you not? He's such a big, powerful fellow, you know."

As a matter of fact, Renwood was attempting to express lightly only what he believed to be the most natural thing in the world—that big Dick Holloway, apart from his wealth and position, was just the exceptional man that a girl of Miss Blake's type would look up to, the sort of man that, in a crisis, for instance, she would depend upon for protection and help.

A little tantalizing laugh sparkled in her eyes, as she answered, "Yes, Dick is big and strong, isn't he? And he drives perfectly divinely!"

"Perhaps," Renwood suggested, as the wagonette was slowing up, "you wouldn't mind if I sat here a while to watch the others teeing off? I can find you again, later on."

"Really," she said, "I want you to come with—" she meant to say "me," but the laugh peeped again in her eyes, and the word, even in the uttering thereof, was transformed into "us."

All that afternoon, as he watched Miss Blake and Dick Holloway play, Renwood could not help thinking what a little chap, physically, he himself must appear to be. He smiled when he caught himself reflecting that he could understand what it was like to rebel against that tyrannous caprice of nature which had blindly cast this other man in such heroic mold. Nevertheless, in spite of such bootless reflections, how fine a thing it was to be big, and handsome, and strong!

As for Miss Blake, Renwood's attitude toward her was in the nature of the desire of the moth for the star. She was so tall and lithe and fine, so fresh in that pinkest petal-like glow that comes with life in the scented open under the stainless blue! Her

skillful strokes had not the tremendous brawn behind them that Dick Holloway's had, but still they were sure, and steady, and strong. How calm and confident she was in her abounding health, how utterly different from the fragile, hysterical type!

When Dick Holloway made his drives, Miss Blake would turn to Renwood, following along, and exclaim, as her eyes danced, "Isn't that simply the most perfect thing you ever saw!"

By the time they got to the sixteenth hole, the sky was a glory of golden light, deepening into crimson. The glow seemed especially to steal in under the boughs of the trees, which, in the distance, were miniaturized black along the profiles of the western slopes. With every movement of her head, Miss Blake's cheeks took on living contours of light, and the strands of her hair glinted as she twisted them back with her fingers. It was here that the depression of the cut-off, dividing this part of the links, had rendered necessary a rearrangement of the old system of holes. Dick Holloway was teeing the ball, taking in with his eye the stretch of field ahead.

"I'm not so sure of this ground," he said.

"I wonder," Miss Blake asked, "if you could possibly drive a ball beyond the cut-off, supposing we were playing the old seventeenth hole?"

"Come, now," Holloway protested, "that's rather a stiff drive, isn't it?"

"Just for fun," she urged him; "I believe you could do it, the way the balls have been going this afternoon. Look, Mr. Renwood!"

Away into the air the ball took wing on its level flight, vanishing into a black speck upon the crimson sky. It went so far they could not tell

where it dropped. They saw the caddies scramble down to the rails.

When Holloway got to the brink of the embankment, one of the caddies called out to him, "It rolled down here on the tracks. I can't find it."

"The little devils have probably poked it away under the ballast," Holloway said to Miss Blake and Renwood, as they came up; "—they've robbed me of enough balls this afternoon. I'm going to find that one."

Leaving them to look on from the edge of the links, he made his way down into the cut-off. At that point, just below where the rails curved around under an arch, a siding switched off from the southbound track. The caddies were standing on the ties, by a locked frog.

"It's here, somewhere," the caddie said.

Holloway did not attempt to conceal his doubt and annoyance. He began poking vigorously with his foot under the iron fork of the frog. As he did this they saw him stumble forward on the southbound track, and heard him utter a cry of pain. He attempted to get up, trying at the same time to tug his foot loose. Again he stumbled, uttering another sharp groan.

Out of politeness, Renwood gave his hand to Miss Blake, and after they had managed to get down, he ran across the northbound track. Looking about, he saw that there was not even a coupling pin to be had.

"Quick," he said to the caddies, "try to get an iron bar or a pick—anything like that. Run over to that farmhouse near the fifteenth hole. Tell anybody you find what has happened. Bring any help that you can."

When Miss Blake reached them, Dick Holloway's face was white with pain.

"This thing's a regular man-trap," he said. "My ankle's twisted. I can't move it. I'm afraid I'm caught."

Renwood had already got out a pocket-knife. Miss Blake divined his thought.

"Cut the shoe off," she said; "I've read something like that."

But they could not get at his shoe, even with the tips of their fingers. His foot was buried in the ballast, beneath the angle of the rails, and held immovable in the iron grip of the frog.

Away down on the other track, perhaps a mile or so, they saw a northbound freight approaching, its headlight already aglare. Renwood's face suddenly turned white—whiter than Dick Holloway's. Taking Miss Blake by the hand, he drew her aside on the track. He was looking down at his watch, which he held concealed in the palm of his hand. When he lifted his head, he said, "It is now six twenty-two. In nine minutes the first section of the Leamington excursion is due at this spot. I cannot tell, I dare not think, how close along here the second section may be following. It is the last excursion of the season returning from the shore. Both trains are crowded. There is no way of getting between them. Even if I might succeed in flagging the first section, I could hardly hope to catch the second section in time. Do you realize what this means?"

White she, too, was by this time, and beginning to quiver.

"I do, dimly," she answered, "—but it is too terrible. It is my fault. He would not have been here now if it were not for my thoughtless suggestion." Her voice faltered. Unsteadily, but meaning, of course, no more, no less than simply the literal intent of the words, she continued, "I know you do not like him. But surely, surely—is there no way?"

Renwood mistook her, absolutely. For the moment, he thought he saw in her look the shadow of an unutterable, a horrible thought.

"Do you think I could be so low?" he asked. "If it were my own life I would not try to save it, at the risk of bringing the two sections together."

"It is my fault," she repeated, trembling.

But Renwood was not listening to her now. She was aware that a change had passed over his face, that it lighted up, suddenly—

"I do not believe it is right for me even to try," he went on, rapidly. "I would not attempt it for anybody else—in the world. In case anything should happen, I ask you to remember that. Allow me," he said, his manner changing again, quick as a flash.

Before she realized what he was doing, he had stripped off her scarlet golf jacket. Waving it over his head, he ran down the northbound track, the rails of which were glistening from the headlight of the oncoming freight. The engineer, having scented something from afar, was leaning out like a gargoyle from the side of the cab. When the train stopped, Renwood climbed up and showed his morocco-bound volume of passes, which was attached by a gold chain to his inside coat pocket. In a moment, he had acquainted the man with the situation.

"Lend me your engine for a few minutes," he said. Then, to make sure of gaining his point, he added, "He's a friend of Blake's daughter—the girl up there on the track. We can't let him be run down, you know. How much time is there behind you?"

"Twenty-seven minutes, sir," the man answered, "the Farrowgate freight."

"That's good," Renwood said, as

the crew gathered round the cab; "now rush a man back to Moorfields. From that point they can wire in and hold up everything along this track. Give me your red lamps. The rest of you try to dig that man up there out of the frog. You'll have to jack up the track somehow, and be sure to hammer it down again. Uncouple the engine. Now," he said to the engineer, "open her up."

The locomotive moved rapidly away. Already some of the crew of the freight, with crow-bars and sledges, were hurrying back from the caboose. Though the sky was still bright with the evening glow reflected from one or two rosy clouds sailing overhead, the light down in the cut-off was beginning to change. As the locomotive went by, Renwood saw Holloway, with a terrible look in his eyes, pinioned there, on his hands and knees, his attitude showing plainly that his strength was fast giving way under the strain.

After rounding the curve under the arch, the engineer opened the throttle wide. Two minutes later, Renwood said, "Shut her down."

The locomotive stopped. They heard, up the road, the rumble and shriek of the first section of the Leamington excursion. Renwood let himself down, and planted a red light right in the middle of the southbound track.

"They won't run that down," he said, clambering aboard; "they've a full two minutes and a half from here to the curve."

"It's McGrane, too," said the engineer; "he will stop her handily in that time."

The locomotive started ahead again, while Renwood leaned out and swung another red light across the southbound track. As the first section of the excursion flew by, they heard, out of the whirlwind of rattling noise,



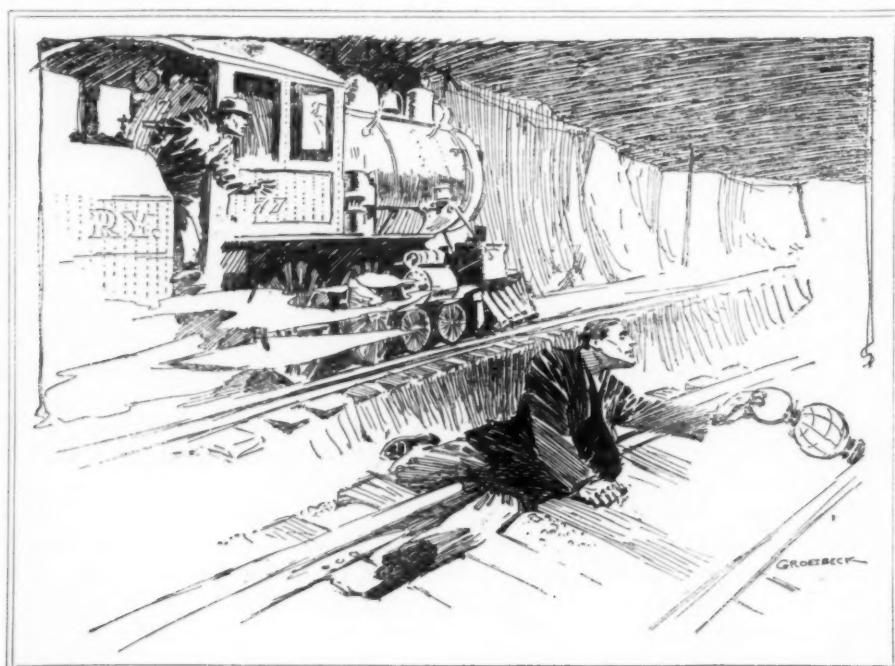
"His foot was immovable."

the screech and wheeze of the brakes going down. McGrane had caught the signal to stop. Glancing back, they saw the section come to a standstill somewhere on their side of the curve, a little beyond the point where Renwood had planted the red light. Peering passengers' heads beaded the side of the train; a brakeman was running forward toward the curve under the arch; the rearman, who had been dropped before the section stopped, was tearing back along the track, swinging his light.

"They're pretty close together," Renwood said, "I can tell by the way the man's running. Open her up wide."

He realized that here was the crux of his whole plan. Not only was it necessary also to plant a red light in front of the second section, but at the same time, he knew that he must give

rails were alive with the second's light. He gave the word to stop, and just as the freight engine came to a standstill, he sprang hard for the other track. His heel, however, slipped on the oily edge of the cab floor, causing him to plunge heavily sideways towards the steep ballast. As he landed, he felt his lax leg snap



"He felt his leg snap under his weight."

its engineer, when he should catch the signal, an opportunity to stop before telescoping the rear of the first section. In view, therefore, of the fact that the two trains might be thus dangerously close together, it was equally necessary to utilize to the full whatever margin of running time might happen to separate them.

Renwood put every ounce of his will into the effort to hold himself steady. Three minutes after they passed the first section, they heard the other rumble. The southbound

under his weight. But he reached over, and succeeded in planting the light on the southbound track. Then he rolled back into the narrow gulley between the tracks, and pulled himself close into the wheels of the standing locomotive. With his heart almost still, and his ear strained to catch the sound, he heard again, as the second section thundered by, the whistle and grate of the brakes going down.

"It's my right leg," he said to the engineer of the freight, who picked

him up in his arms as if he were a child. "Send me back to town on the second section."

As they laid him out on the aisle of the last car, he closed his eyes and tried to think. Out of the din, and noise, and hum of voices, as the passengers clambered on again from the side of the track, he was conscious only of the pain in his broken leg and the grinding buzz in his brain. Presently the train began to move. He heard a brakeman say, "They got the feller out of the frog all right, but they had their hands full with the girl. When they picked her up she was in a dead faint."

The following evening, at the hospital, the consulting surgeon reassured them with a wave of his hand: "Leg good as ever in a few weeks," he said, "splendid constitutional strength—vitality, you know."

Upon Miss Blake's particular request, the ban of quietness investing the patient was for a little while removed. With Mrs. Blake and the president she was admitted to Renwood's chamber. As they entered, the nurse tiptoed out. Renwood's head was turned away from the door toward a basket of flowers by the window. Miss Blake sat down by the head of the cot.

"We wanted so much to see you, Arthur," she said.

Renwood turned his head, his white face and black brushed hair making him look frailer than he really was. He put out his hand on the pillow. Miss Blake let her own hand rest on his.

"It was lucky for Holloway you were along, Renwood," the president said. "Of course," he continued, gravely, "it turned out all right for everybody except yourself. But the two sections were mighty close together."

"I know," Renwood said, with a ghost of a smile. "I ought not to have done it. It's not often that two wrongs happen to come out right, is it?"

The president looked at him, inquiringly.

"Of course you know about that business of opening up the cut-off. You will recollect, sir, how much I objected to its use without the blocks."

Blake was not keen to discuss that phase of the subject. He simply shrugged his shoulders.

Then, in a lower voice, Renwood said to Miss Blake, as he looked into her eyes, "I would like you to remember, in the future, that—" she leaned over, nearer to him, "—even if I did something that wasn't right, I don't care, if it will make you happy."

"Yes," she said, "I know. It could not have happened at all if I hadn't been so thoughtless, so foolish, as to ask him to try the drive. I know. You did it because it was my fault. You risked everything to save me from blame."

"Why," Renwood said, "I never thought of that. I had forgotten all about it."

"Then," she said, slowly, with wonderment in her eyes, "I don't—understand—quite clearly—"

"You do not?" Renwood asked, with an equally puzzled doubt in his own eyes. "I'm sorry, then, that I said anything about it."

"You must tell me what you mean," she insisted, closing her fingers still more tightly over his hand. "It is only right that I should know—I should not feel satisfied otherwise. I want you to speak plainly to me."

"Of course," Renwood answered, looking toward the glimmering panes, "it was not so much that I supposed you thought I disliked him; I did not choose to consider that. The fact is,

I rather thought you cared for him—that you wanted him—”

Miss Blake put her face on the pillow by Renwood's head. After a little sob, she said, “You silly boy, he's nothing, nothing at all to me—that way. I don't care either,” she went on, “I simply must let you know now.”

She leaned farther over still and kissed his forehead.

Renwood held her hand a few moments longer. Smiling through his wet eyes, he whispered, “Do you know, Alice, if I were a centipede, or an octopus, or something of that sort, I should be willing to break a leg for you every day in the month.”

As their coach rattled back through the streets of the city, Alice kept very close to her father, her arms around his neck, her head on his breast.

Mrs. Blake sat by herself, rigidly drawn up, silent, staring out the window.

“Thank goodness,” she exclaimed, at last, “we're out of that ghastly place!”

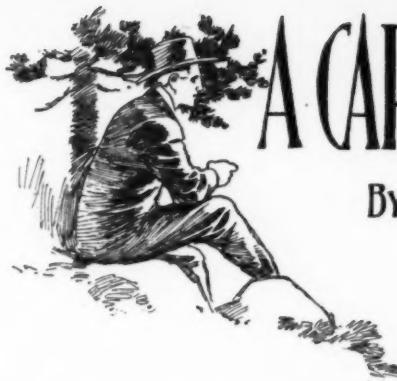
Just then her eye caught a glitter-

ing bow of lights, where a striped canvas canopy was stretched from the curb up to the aisle of a church. At that moment, a brougham had disintegrated itself from the jam of carriages blocking the street. A footman, in cockades and glittering livery, jumped down and held open the door, while the bride and her maid, shimmering in tulle and gowned in folds of stuff thick enough to stand by itself, alighted with all the éclat of fairy princesses, and tripped away into the glimpse of bowered roses and palms.

“Good heavens,” Mrs. Blake broke out again, “the whole thing's preposterous! What do we know about him? And think of the time and trouble we've spent on her—her governesses, her convent, the years abroad, the other men in her own set—”

“Bah!” said Blake, while Alice gave him a little hug at each word, “damn her own set. He's a good deal farther along than I was when I married you. He's got the stuff in him, too. Besides, what anybody else thinks doesn't make any difference, if she's happy.”





A CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY

BY RICHARD LINTHICUM.

White City, like many small settlements in the Far West, bore a misnomer; it was not white, and it was not a city.

It was composed of long rows of charcoal-ovens that looked like huge beehives afire, and a few scattered log huts and rough board "shacks." It was located at the mouth of a gulch in the Rocky Mountains, midway between Denver and Leadville. The giant hills that overshadowed it were thickly covered with tall pines, except where some peak reared its head above timber-line and was doubly conspicuous by reason of its bald crown. The gulch in which it stood was fringed with irregular lines of quaking aspen, trembling as if in awesome fear of the grim and mighty mountains.

Through the canon by which White City was reached, a little, narrow-gauge railroad twisted and curved its tortuous way by the side of a roaring Lilliputian river—a branch of the Platte—and then, by a series of loops and reverse curves, the parallel bands of steel climbed to the summit of a mountain pass and disappeared down the other side.

John Prince, founder of White City, had been a manufacturer in New York. After he had made a comfortable fortune, he became ambitious for great wealth. He took the usual "short cut"—speculation—and met with the usual result—failure.

Naturally an optimist, he took the "bull" side of the market, and when he had drawn on practically his entire fortune to maintain prices, one of those "wizards" of Wall Street—a "bear" of course, more ferocious and relentless even than his man-eating prototype, the grizzly—charged upon him, and all was lost.

From old friends he obtained enough money to begin elsewhere the struggle for wealth, and went to Colorado—that haven for failing health and failing fortunes.

His manufacturing instinct led him to inspect the great smelters at Denver and Leadville, where the worthless-looking ores of the gold and silver mines are converted into bars of precious metal. There he learned that the demand for charcoal, so necessary in smelting, was far in excess of the supply. He resolved to manufacture charcoal, and White City, named by a facetious foreman, was the result.

There was plenty of "raw material" where John Prince located his charcoal camp. As the facetious foreman observed, "the woods was full of it." Much of it was to be had without cost, for the timber laws permitted the use of dead and fallen timber. That, with his purchases of a number of timber claims from individual owners in the vicinity, gave him enough material to last several seasons. John Prince prospered. Each year he added to his long row of kilns and increased the number of his workmen.

The gulch, at the mouth of which White City was located, opened out into a miniature valley. On the side

of the gorge, near the fuming little river, overlooking the valley, marked here and there by the cabins and barbed-wire fences of ranchmen, a hotel was built—a dainty, quaint little hostelry, the best apartments in which were occupied during the summer by John Prince and his daughter, a tall, slender girl with fair hair and dark eyes.

The summers at White City were never dull. A party of tourists spied out the little hotel the first season, and returned the next year to spend a vacation. An artist, who had grown weary of painting peaceful meadows where sad-eyed cows were standing knee-deep in purling streams, came to paint the more inspiring scenery of gorge and peak, and water that leapt and danced and sang in the sunlight, lashing itself into a fury and dashing its white spray against opposing boulders, as it hurried onward to the sea. A quiet man, who wrote "Ph. D." after his name at the bottom of learned treatises, but omitted the title on the hotel register, came regularly and whipped the neighboring trout streams. His skill was so marvelous that the facetious foreman named him "the Disciple." Another regular guest was that omnipresent personage in the West, an agent of the Smithsonian Institution, a portly, bearded man who smoked a long pipe, leisurely roamed the mountainsides with a big net in his hands, and was often heard to remark in a strong, German accent, "Dere is not in de world such butterflies as I have here caught."

When the little hotel opened for the fifth season, one of the first guests to arrive was Mr. David Ward, who said that he had come merely to have a rest for a few weeks, having been "tired out" by too close attention to business. Mr. Ward's actions belied

his words, for, from the day of his arrival, he was the busiest man in White City. He roamed the hills from early morning until sunset, and in the evenings he visited the huts of the wood-choppers and talked with the men at the kilns. He won the admiration of the facetious foreman by his knowledge of forestry, which seemed to include every considerable tract of woodland in the United States, from the pine-clad hills of Maine to the gigantic redwood groves of California—a knowledge which the foreman thought rare in a man so young, for he was not above thirty-two years of age.

In personal appearance David Ward was impressive. Although he was less than six feet in height, his broad, square shoulders and leonine head gave him the appearance of a physical giant, which, indeed, he was, his muscular development having been attained by hard work on his college athletic team. His clean-shaven face made him look rather scholarly than business-like, and the impression was strengthened by his hair, as black as the best charcoal made at White City, and worn a little longer than fashion dictated—probably a souvenir of foot-ball days. His black eyes, that gave forth penetrating glances always, had the peculiarity of glowing under excitement or when he was particularly animated.

The woodmen once saw that fiery glow come into his eyes. A dozen were in one of the huts at night, when two of them had a quarrel. The one who began it seized a double-bitted axe, and would have split his antagonist to the spine had not David Ward seized the descending weapon and wrested it from the grasp of the angry chopper. Ward's eyes were like live coals.

"Give me that axe! Do you wish to commit murder?"

Under that burning gaze and the commanding tone of voice, with an iron grip still upon his arm, the sudden passion of the chopper fell as quickly at it had risen.

One afternoon, a week after this adventure, Ward was returning from a trip to the summit of the highest peak near White City. With his coat on his arm, for the day was warm, he was hurrying down a road cut on the side of the mountain by wood-haulers, when he heard a sudden crash and saw a mass of wet earth and loose rock come tumbling toward him from above. His impulse was to leap aside, but in the conglomerate mass falling upon him, his keen eyes caught the flutter of a woman's skirt, and with a coolness and presence of mind that were astonishing to himself even, he reached out one arm and encircled a very slender waist.

It was a moment of such confusion and danger that neither he nor the fair possessor of the slender waist could tell exactly how it happened. All he knew was that a mass of falling earth and rock had passed over the road and dashed into fragments hundreds of feet down the side of the mountain, while he held in one arm the slender figure of a girl who had been part of the miniature landslide. He saw a very pretty but very pale face, and a crown of fair hair, and he was aware of a nervous tremor in the

form he held so securely in one arm.

The possessor of the pale and pretty face had a hazy impression of a pair of flashing eyes, and felt as if a steel cable had gripped her by the waist. Then she realized that the flashing eyes belonged to a young giant, and that it was one of his arms, and not a band of inflexible metal, that encircled her.



Edgar Bert Smith.

"Give me that axe! Do you wish to commit murder?"

It was the first time in her life that she had ever felt the pressure of a man's arm except her father's, and as she realized her position, a gentle crimson flushed her face and neck. Just then her feet touched the ground, and the arm around her waist relaxed its hold.

"Are you hurt?" asked Ward.

"No; are you?" The tremolo of her voice added to the melody of the words that fell upon his ears like sweet notes of music.

"No, I am unhurt," he replied.

She drew a deep breath and said: "Now that I can speak, let me thank you. I am Miss Prince; my father manufactures charcoal at the little settlement below here."

"I am Mr. Ward," he said, "David Ward. I am stopping at the hotel at White City," he added, putting on his coat.

She took a step away from the debris, and with the motion gave a little cry of pain.

"You are hurt?" said Ward, taking hold of her extended hand.

"My ankle, I think," she said, trying to smile.

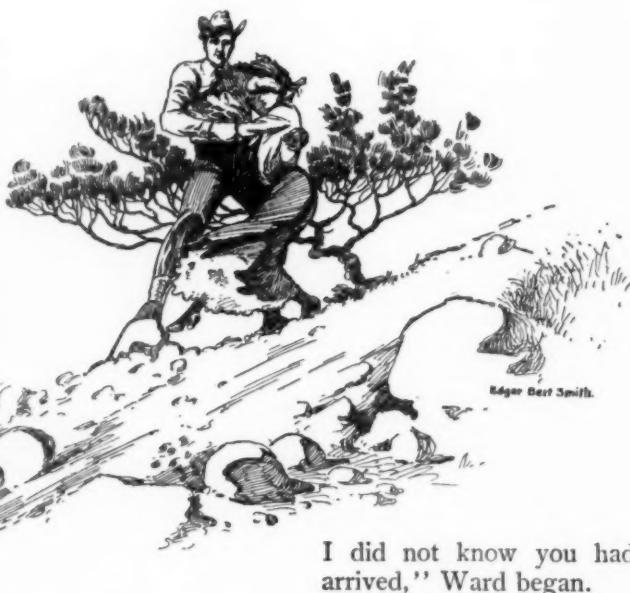
He assisted her to a seat on a boulder by the roadside. It was only a step, but she winced as she took it. He knelt in the moist

There!" he added, rising; "now see if you can walk."

"That is much better, thank you; it hurts a little, but I can bear it," she said.

Ward offered her an arm for support, and together they started slowly down the mountain road to the little hotel.

"The landlord told me that you and your father were expected soon, but



"The slender figure of a girl who had been part of the miniature landslide."

earth, made a tender examination of the injured ankle, and found nothing more serious than a sprain.

"If you will permit me, I can bandage your ankle with my handkerchief so that you will be able to walk to the hotel," he said, to which she assented.

"Are you a surgeon, Mr. Ward?" she asked, as he skilfully converted his handkerchief into a sustaining bandage.

"No," he replied; "I learned this playing foot-ball when I was a boy.

I did not know you had arrived," Ward began.

"We came up last night on a late train," she replied. "After luncheon I went out to gather some of the early wild flowers. They are not so plentiful, but they are beautiful at this season. I saw some bluebells on that bank near the road, and was just stooping to pluck them, when I fell into your ar— into the road."

"Where are the flowers you had gathered?"

"I lost them when I fell."

"Rest yourself here," he said, pointing to a fallen tree by the roadside, "and I will get them for you."

In vain she asked him not to go to

such trouble; he was gone around a bend in the road before she had finished the sentence. He returned presently with stains of reddish earth upon his clothes. In one hand he held out the lost bouquet, somewhat disfigured by the debris which had fallen upon it. In the other hand he held a bunch of freshly plucked bluebells. It was plainly to be seen that he had climbed the treacherous embankment to get them.

"I do not know whether to thank or to chide you," she said, as she took the flowers from both hands, "for taking such a risk to get me these." She put the freshly plucked bluebells to her face and inhaled their fragrance; as her lips touched the flowers, Ward felt amply repaid for the risk.

"The fact is," he said, hesitatingly, "I wished to examine the place of your accident, and climbed to have a look at it. The snow has recently melted from there, and the ground is quite soft, which accounts for its having given way"; and with this rather ungallant explanation, they resumed their slow journey down the road.

As they went along, Ward underwent a deep and secret joy to notice that Miss Prince bestowed much more attention upon his bunch of bluebells than she did upon the bouquet she had plucked with her own hands.

She was so vivacious, so overflowing with the freshness and purity of young life; she had such a charming and delicate wit, and yet withal such real dignity, that he felt quite a dull person by comparison.

Once when he had made what seemed to him a very stupid remark, she laughed so suddenly that a flash of resentment shone in his eyes, but it was gone in an instant, for she said, quickly, "I was laughing at the recollection of how formal we were in

giving our names after such an informal meeting."

They were nearing the foot of the mountain, and were within sight of the hotel. The man had climbed that mountain early in the morning, and the way had seemed interminably long and the walking tiresome. He had now descended it in an incredibly short time, and felt no fatigue whatever. Part of the time he seemed to be walking upon air, and the remainder he drifted without any effort.

The journey down the mountain had been a short one for Miss Prince also, although she had walked slowly and somewhat painfully. The hold she had upon Ward's brawny arm infused a new strength into her, and clinging to it she felt a sense of safety, security, and contentment she had never known before.

To conceal all outward sign of the accident, Ward knelt and removed the handkerchief bandage, and continued to escort Miss Prince to the hotel. The little hostelry was deserted except for the landlord and his wife. Miss Prince was given into the care of the latter, and David went at once to his room to escape the insensitiveness of the former.

Upon taking leave of her escort, Miss Prince gave him her hand, and there were blushes upon the faces of both as she returned the slight pressure he gave it.

In his room, Ward took some memoranda from his coat pocket, and sat down to write. The memoranda related to the business of John Prince, charcoal manufacturer, for it was upon this business that he had come to White City.

The Commissioner of the General Land Office at Washington, in which bureau of the government he was employed as a special agent, had sent for him and said:

"Mr. Ward, I want you to go to White City, Colorado, and investigate these complaints against John Prince. According to them he has been cutting government timber for several years for the manufacture of charcoal. I had an investigation made last year by Simpson—the agent, you know, we recently convicted of accepting bribes. Simpson reported that Prince was not infringing upon government land, but the complaints this year are more numerous than they were a year ago. If the ranchmen and others in the vicinity tell the truth, Prince is a flagrant violator of the timber laws, and should be proceeded against both in criminal and civil actions. You will find by these maps and other data which I give you that Prince owns a great deal of timber land near White City, and it is possible that the complainants may be mistaken when they say he is using government timber in such large quantities."

"One matter more," continued the Commissioner, as he handed Ward the package of maps and documents; "take your time and make a careful investigation. Prince has many influential friends in New York, and I do not wish any mistake made in a case against him."

Ward assured him that the investigation should be thorough.

"On the other hand," said the Commissioner, "if Prince is guilty, as these complaints indicate, and you make a winning case against him, it may do you a great deal of good in the future. It will please the President, for he is determined to bring to justice the men who are stealing government land and timber."

The Commissioner had selected David Ward to make this examination not only on account of his ability, but because of his proved integrity.

"Every now and then," said the

Commissioner, "some Western 'cattle king' who has fenced in miles of public land, or some wholesale stealer of government timber, succeeds in bribing one of my special agents, but they couldn't bribe Ward with a million dollars."

Ward had gone direct to White City, and had begun his investigations on the day of his arrival. He first went to the ranchmen in the valley who had been most persistent in complaining and in furnishing the government with information of the alleged depredations.

The motive that prompted these men to inform on John Prince was solely one of self-defense. The supply of water for the irrigation of their crops in the summer-time came from streams fed by melting snows in the mountains. The forests were the reservoirs that Nature had provided for the ranchmen. The accumulated snows, protected from the rays of the sun by the dense timber, melted slowly and supplied the streams with ample water during the entire summer. On the mountains that were denuded of trees, the snows either melted soon after they fell, or disappeared during the first warm days of early spring.

As a result, there was no water for irrigation at the time it was most needed, and the growing crops parched, and shriveled, and died.

After obtaining all the information to be had from the ranchmen and from men who owned timber-claims adjoining the property of Prince, and who had been unable to sell their timber to the charcoal manufacturer for an exorbitant figure, Ward began a personal inspection of the sections where the alleged depredations had been committed. He found them to be even greater than had been reported. One large tract of timber land, the title to which was still vested in the

government, was now but a vast stubble of stumps.

Special Agent Ward had learned these facts before he met John Prince's daughter Margaret. It yet remained for him to secure evidence as to who had cut and used the timber—by no means a difficult task, for every one in the neighborhood was willing to testify that John Prince's wood-choppers were the depredators.

Ward had already begun his report to the Commissioner, and after parting from Miss Prince he sat down to continue it. But the work of writing the report, which had been a source of pride and pleasure to him, now became irksome.

He found it more and more difficult to write the details of John Prince's timber depredations. When he came to a particularly flagrant instance, he hesitated.

When he forced himself to write the plain truth, it pained him. He had begun this report with the lofty feeling of one who, from a sense of duty, does an act of exact justice, regardless of who may suffer therefrom. He had not written many lines that afternoon, before he felt as if he were perpetrating a crime instead of exposing one.

He arose from the table with a feeling of guilt, and lay down upon a couch at an open window. He tried to think of his duty to the government that employed him and paid him a salary; he tried to think of the appreciation of the Commissioner and of possible favors from the President

when those two officials should learn how thoroughly he had done his work in this case; he tried to think of the injustice to the ranchmen in the valley below—those pioneer agriculturists who were seeking to build homes in the wilderness and make the desert land fruitful and habitable for future generations. But all of these thoughts were hazy and commingled. The only clear and definite thought he had was of a girl with fair hair and dark eyes, limping prettily down a mountain road, and in fancy he could still feel the light pressure of a fair hand on his arm.

All the while he lay gazing out of the open window. It was a drowsy afternoon. A magpie just without was exercising its inalienable right of quarreling with its neighbors and making itself generally unwelcome; a

blue-jay was scolding away at nothing; droves of butterflies, some a pure yellow, others a deep red, others black with great splotches of gold, were fluttering about in blissful unconsciousness of the coming of the "bugologist," as the facetious foreman called the agent of the Smithsonian Institution.

With all sorts of romantic thoughts running through his mind, David Ward was guilty of the very unromantic performance of falling asleep. Just as a mountain avalanche, with Margaret Prince standing airily on top, was about to descend upon him, he awoke and found it was supper-time.



"A conflict raged within him."

As he was entering the dining-room, a well-groomed, elderly man of decidedly urbane appearance, with iron-gray hair and mustache, came up to him and inquired, "Is this Mr. Ward?"

"Yes, sir."

"I am Mr. Prince, and I wish to add my thanks to those of my daughter for your brave and gallant act this afternoon."

Ward replied that it gave him great pleasure to be in a position, accidental though it was, where he could be of service, and hoped Mr. Prince would not magnify that service too much.

"My daughter's injury is somewhat painful, and I have persuaded her, much against her will, to remain in her room. She asked to be remembered to you."

Ward bowed and tried to keep back a blush. He was glad of a chance to change the conversation when they sat down at the table, and Mr. Prince asked him what business he was in. He said he was in the ~~timber business~~, although he was just then taking a vacation. It required all of his skill to conceal his real vocation, for John Prince had the modern business man's habit of asking shrewd, incisive questions.

The next morning the fair invalid, repelling further restraint, appeared at the breakfast-table in company with her father, and wearing a bunch of bluebells that vied with the delicate beauty of the wearer.

Ward went into the mountains that day, but he found nature a very dull companion, and returned in time to spend the better part of the afternoon on the veranda of the hotel, listening to Miss Margaret Prince's descriptions of the mountains, cañons, and gulches, the flora and fauna thereof, with a learned disquisition on life in general; a eulogy on foot-ball, the

most thrilling and manly of sports; a mild diatribe on basket-ball, as played at Vassar College, from which institution she had been emancipated for two years; together with a pathetic account of the death of Miss Prince's canary bird, "Patti."

This latter narration had a peculiar charm for David, for its recital produced a feeling of exaltation that contact with guileless purity in woman ever inspires in man. Even with his limited knowledge of ornithology, he knew that by the grammatical law governing gender, such a marvelous singer as that canary ought to have been called "Nicolini."

During the weeks that followed, John Prince, his daughter, and Ward made many mountain excursions, and passed delightful evenings on the veranda of the little hotel. A man as observant as the charcoal-maker could not fail to see the growing affection between his daughter and the young man who had saved her from a serious, if not fatal, injury. At the same time he found his admiration increasing for the modest and sensible fellow with each day's association.

One evening, as their little gathering was separating, Ward announced that a week later he would have to leave White City, as his business affairs demanded his attention.

It must have been as plain to John Prince, as it was to David, that Margaret's voice trembled when she said "good night" to the latter, while the father in so many words expressed his genuine regret that Ward could not remain longer.

The young man went to his room that night oppressed by the first genuine sadness he had ever felt. On his writing-table lay his report to the Commissioner of the General Land Office, which he had completed that morning. It contained an accurate

account of the timber depredations of John Prince, which would subject that person to prosecution by the government.

He sat down at the table and began to read the report.

His face was expressive of the conflict that was raging in his mind. Never in his life had he been unfaithful to duty. What was his duty now? The land laws had been violated, and it was plainly his duty to report the violation.

But were the land laws just in this particular case?

A forest fire would do more damage to government timber in a week than John Prince had done in two years. True, the ranchmen in the valley suffered from lack of water, but were not the great mining and smelting industries of the state worthy of more consideration than the interests of a few precarious agriculturists? The smelters must have charcoal to smelt the ore, in order to convert it into permanent wealth. Mining could not be carried on without smelters, and the interests of thousands would suffer that the interests of a few might be benefited.

Clearly, it was an injustice to deny the use of a commodity that would interfere with this production of wealth. Clearly, no one was injured but the few agriculturists in the valley. So David argued to himself as he read the report. Why should he, under these circumstances, destroy the good name of John Prince, perhaps condemn him to prison? It was altogether possible that John Prince was intentionally guilty of no wrong—he was not the sort of man to deliberately violate the laws. Hundreds of men in the West were appropriating government timber and government land to their own uses, under the belief that they were utilizing natural advantages which other-

wise would go to waste. They were men of practical natures, incapable of making fine ethical distinctions. While deriving a present personal advantage from their undertakings, they were laboring for the development of the great West and the redemption of the waste places; they were of the type that builds empires and enthrones industry.

And Margaret? Indeed, it was Margaret of whom he had first thought. It was the possibility of wrecking that young life that had suggested his later line of thought.

He realized how dearly he loved her, and how desolate his life would be without her. If the report he held in his hand should be forwarded to Washington, her life would be wrecked.

Ward's face was pale, his features rigid, and his big black eyes glowed with the fire of suppressed emotion. For nearly an hour he sat with the report gripped tightly in his hand, his gaze fixed steadily upon an empty fireplace, while a conflict raged within him which threatened to destroy his future peace and happiness, whether love triumphed over duty or duty triumphed over love.

Though he was physically motionless, his mind was as restless as a caged animal, and like the wild beast deprived of liberty was searching for some avenue of escape.

At last his rigid features slowly relaxed, a flush born of a sudden hope overcame the pallor on his face, and the glow in his eyes faded into a softer light, all indicating that his alert mind had at last found a way to extricate Margaret, her father, and himself from a seemingly hopeless situation.

"Yes, it is possible!" he exclaimed, rising suddenly and walking rapidly back and forth. "I will take him there to-morrow. He cannot fail to see the opportunity. It is the only reparation he can make."

The following day Ward was to accompany John Prince to look at some timber claims the latter was trying to buy. With the "opportunity" uppermost in his mind, David persuaded the charcoal-maker to follow him upon a circuitous route to the claims. For several miles they followed a cañon through which flowed a mountain stream, and then climbed to the top of a mountain near the head waters. Below, there was a scene of natural beauty to inspire the loftiest lines of a poet. But John Prince had neither the eyes nor the soul of a poet. As he sat beside Ward in the shade of a huge boulder, he mentally calculated the number of tons of charcoal that could be produced from the immense area of timber within the scope of his vision.

It was with practical eyes, too, that his companion looked upon the panorama of mighty mountains, cañons, and forests, and saw that which confirmed an impression made upon him during his first week at White City. Beyond the mouth of the cañon lay a broad valley, with a slender stream of water like a line of light upon its bosom. Here and there were patches of fresh loam that had but lately felt the keen slash of the coulter, and the sharp tooth of the harrow.

For ages, the wash from the mountains had been feeding and fertilizing that soil, which now needed but one thing to make it yield the richest of harvests. The essential that was lacking was an abundant supply of water. Half-way up the cañon was a spot where the titanic forces that wrenched the hills apart had operated with unusual violence, and had formed a great natural basin.

There was the scene of John Prince's opportunity. As David was making a visual survey of the scenic panorama, Prince asked, "What do

you see down there that interests you so greatly?"

"I see an immense fortune for a man with a little capital, a fair amount of common sense, a grain of patience, and a superabundance of energy."

"That answers my description, all but the energy," Prince replied, with a laugh. "I might borrow a little of that from you," he added. He arose and walked over to where Ward was standing.

"Let me have a look at that fortune also," he remarked, coming up beside the younger man.

"It's plainly to be seen," answered David. "Look down that valley. How much produce could be raised on land like that, in Ohio, Illinois, or New York?"

"Enough to feed the people in either state," replied Prince; "but unfortunately that valley isn't in either of those states, but here in a desert where there isn't enough water to keep the grass green along that stream after the middle of June."

"But suppose there was an abundance of water?" said David, interrogatively.

"Then the man who supplied the water, or owned the land, would be rich enough to retire in a few years. Don't," continued Prince, putting up one hand in mock protestation, "it's too tempting. All my life I have been regretting that I was not a farmer with a few thousand acres of good land. I had an opportunity once to get the land, but I didn't know enough to take advantage of it."

"Opportunity is knocking at your door a second time," said Ward. Then pointing a finger to indicate the spot, he asked, "Do you see that place about midway down the cañon, where it widens out into a basin?"

"Yes," replied Prince.

"That is the best location for a reservoir to store water I ever saw,

and I have seen a great many. Nature has done all of the preliminary work. A strong dam across the cañon at that point is all that is needed to complete a reservoir with sufficient capacity to irrigate every acre of the valley land you can see from here. It could be built for a small amount of money," he continued, as if speaking to himself.

John Prince's face was pale, and every feature betrayed the excitement he was trying to suppress. He clutched the young man by the arm, and motioning toward a fallen tree, said, with an effort to speak calmly, "Sit down, and let us talk this over. There's a fortune in it for each of us."

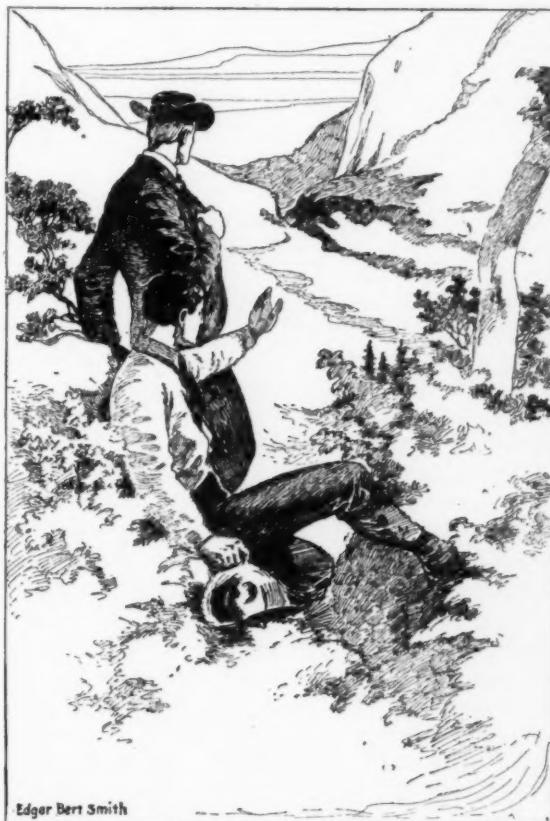
Ward went into the details of reclaiming the immense tract of valley land by means of a storage reservoir. His knowledge of the subject was practical and voluminous. Before he had finished he had reduced this particular case to mathematics, and John Prince saw the figures representing dollars growing into millions in alluring contrast with the few thousands he was making in the charcoal business. The plans included a town site in the valley, as well as a large amount of land which could be obtained by purchase and settlement under the existing land laws.

"Let us get back to White City," said Prince, after the project had been thoroughly explained, "and get down to work on the reservoir plan."

"What about those timber claims we came to see?"

"Oh, I'll pay the man his price for them to keep him from cutting timber. We must protect this forestry, Ward; we will need it to assist in conserving the water supply," replied the charcoal-maker.

Half-way down the mountainside, John Prince stopped and sat down on a ledge of rock to rest. On the oppo-



Edgar Bert Smith

"Let me have a look at that fortune."

site side of the gulch was a mountain almost denuded of its trees by the choppers for the charcoal-kilns, from which the spring sun had removed the last trace of snow.

"Ward!" exclaimed the charcoal-maker, after some moments of reflection, "those ranchmen in the valley must feel pretty unfriendly toward

me for stripping that mountainside of its timber."

"Yes, I should think so," was the reply.

"I pledge you my word, I never gave this question of water supply a thought until to-day."

"I can readily believe that; but it's a big question out here."

"I don't want you to lose confidence in me as a business man right at the inception of our enterprise, but I wish to suggest a very unbusiness-like proceeding."

"What is it?"

"Our reservoir will make every one of those ranchmen well off if they keep their land."

"Yes."

"As a business proposition," continued Prince, "we ought to buy them out before anything is known of our enterprise."

"That would be business, of course."

"Well, I don't want to do it."

"No?"

"No. They have had a pretty hard struggle in that valley, and I have made it harder for them. I don't think it would be altogether fair, so far as they are concerned, to use our legitimate advantage."

"Well, we don't want to do anything that isn't fair and square."

"Ward, give me your hand on that!" exclaimed John Prince.

The future millionaires clasped hands, and resumed their journey down the mountain toward White City.

A week later David Ward left White City for Washington, to arrange with the Department of the Interior for the reclamation of the arid lands in the valley, whereby the government would be many times reimbursed for the loss of the timber. His plan, too, included manifold

benefits to the existing settlers—the only persons injured by John Prince's timber depredations.

On the afternoon preceding his departure, he and Margaret Prince took a long walk down the cañon of the South Fork. She had made no concealment of her delight when she heard that her father and her friend had formed a business partnership, and she had been in most cheerful spirits until this afternoon.

"How long will it be before you return, Mr. Ward?" she asked, as they walked slowly along.

"I think I can arrange to be back in a month," he said.

"A month is a long time."

"A month is a very short time," he replied, with stupid frankness, "especially when one has a great many things to do."

She sighed. "Yes, I suppose so; but when one has nothing to do, time goes slowly."

"That's true," was the truthful but asinine reply.

She had turned her face from him, and looked at the little river, dashing over the boulders in noisy haste to reach the plains.

They walked on in silence for several moments, when David said, "I want to be so bold as to tell you that I should be very happy if I knew you would think of me occasionally while I am away."

She had stopped beside a bush to break a flowering branch.

"I shall be very lonely until you return," she said, and her voice trembled a little, notwithstanding her effort to control it. The branch was tough, and did not yield readily to her delicate fingers. David took a step beside her to break the bough, and as he did so he saw her face. Her cheeks were less pink than usual; the delicate mouth had a downward curve, and there was the tiniest moist-

ure on the lids of her soft brown eyes. The sight of those pearls of the heart worked a transformation in David.

"Margaret! Is it possible?"

It was the first time he had ever called her Margaret, and for the fraction of a second he experienced that bewildering sensation a man feels in jumping off a high place without any definite idea of where he is going to alight.

Before she could reply he continued, "May I tell you what is in my heart? That I love you, Margaret; that I will think of you every moment I am away from you."

She drew a deep breath, and the flush came back to her face. Even now David felt abashed at what seemed his unwarranted boldness.

Margaret's head drooped for an instant, and then she raised her face toward his. A smile of mingled sweetness and sadness was on her lips; joy leaped from her eyes. She seemed like a delicate flower caressingly touched by a soft wind.

"David!" was all she said. A thousand words could not have conveyed more fully the love and admiration she felt for him.

Down in the valley below the ruins of White City, the ambitious town of Princeton has begun to put on metropolitan airs, with electric lights, telephones, and a model street-car service. It is the center of a great and prosperous ranch community, through

whose fruitful fields flows the great Prince and Ward canal. Discoveries of coal in the valley, and hematite iron in the mountains, indicate manufacturing possibilities for the vigorous young city. The general superintendent of the coal company, who is noted for his facetiousness, says the town reminds him of the man who was chased down a mountain by a grizzly bear followed by a landslide—"everything was coming his way."

If there be any who are skeptical concerning the marvelous agricultural products of the Princeton Valley, they are invited to inspect the Bluebells Ranch, where science and nature have combined to transform a wilderness into a miniature Garden of Eden, and where Mr. and Mrs. David Ward dispense charming hospitality as the central figures of a healthy and intellectual society.

Once a year Princeton celebrates its anniversary, at which time the people assemble to do honor to its venerable founder, John Prince. The mayor's speech always contains an account of how this great giant of the industrial world brought wealth to the pioneer agriculturists of the valley, not only through his great irrigation enterprise, but also by "letting them in on the ground floor" when the townsite of Princeton was laid out.

And last year there was a special celebration to commemorate John Prince's election as president of the Society for the Preservation of American Forests.





The Flying Carpet of Tonawanda

• W. B. FOSTER •

This is a tale of a new Arabian knight. Don't criticise my spelling, for although there may have been "One Thousand and One Arabian Nights," this story refers to an adventure of a person and not to a duration of time.

And that Melancthon Gridley was an Arab, none who knew him could doubt.

Tonawanda folk knew him pretty well. Some of them remembered when he was born there—at the back of the town, in the traveling caravan of a gypsy family, for "Lank's" mother had been of the wandering tribe, and Lank had fallen heir to many of its characteristics.

So, through boyhood and manhood, Lank had been forever going away from Tonawanda, and—coming back again! Like the bad penny he always returned, though why he did so he could no more have told than could the citizens of the town.

Yet, oddly enough, after an absence of a few weeks, Lank always found a welcome on the streets of his native village, and he personally felt a strange warmth when he came in sight of the valley in which Tonawanda was pitched. And just as truly did he wear out his welcome

within a short time, and proportionately did his distaste for the sober village grow as the days of his sojourning increased.

At this present moment, as he sat on the boundary wall of Doc' Larrimer's place and stared gloomily at the doctor's second best buggy, he had arrived at one of these recurrent points when his welcome had become worn very thin, and his disgust at the village of his birth had risen to a well-nigh unbearable height.

When Lank was invited to work for the food and raiment which he required, he knew at once that the people of Tonawanda had begun to find him commonplace. And when he had to work, at once Lank found that Tonawanda wasn't so much of a town after all.

He looked again at the mud-encrusted buggy which he had been invited to clean by Doc' Larrimer, if he wanted his dinner and a bunk that night in the haymow, and told himself firmly that it were better for him had he shaken the dust of Tonawanda from his broken shoes several days before.

But there really seemed no way of getting out of that job. He knew he should be hungry at dinner-time, and every other avenue to satisfying his appetite seemed already closed. And as for walking out of town—well, Lank never walked if he could help it. When he wandered down the village street it was almost necessary to "take his range" in line with some

stationary object to make sure that he was really moving. And the railroad did not touch Tonawanda.

"Sech a pesky town I never did see!" groaned Lank, finally getting off the wall and picking up the pail and sponge. "It's so far behind this 'ere age of progress an' 'lectric invention that I wonder 't the folks here knows they're alive."

For Lank bore himself with the air of one who has traveled and seen the world. He read the papers, too. And that very morning he had seen in the county news disseminator, that Coburn, twenty-five miles to the eastward, was inaugurating a Mechanic's Fair that would be the wonder of the decade. Perhaps this news had added much to Lank's present discontent.

"Coburn's a mighty likely place—I allus said so," declared Lank, dragging out the worn cushion and beating it with the slow swing of a derrick-arm against the stone wall. "Got more 'hump up an' come' to it in a minute than this ere tomb-stun manufactory has in a year. Mystery ter me why I ever comed ter be born here, anyway."

From Lank's standpoint, any town might be proud of being marked on the map as his birthplace.

"I jest wisht I was in Coburn at this identical minute," he added, going back to the buggy and reaching in for the square of shabby carpet which protected the bottom of the vehicle from the thick bootsoles of the village physician.

"Humph! This 'ere carpet ain't of a piece with that air one Bobby Gipple was readin' me about 'tother

day. I reckon if 'twas, you'd see me a squattin' on it mighty quick an' wishin' myself over ter Coburn."

He held the carpet up and gazed upon it reflectively.

"Things don't happen jest as they do in them books, I reckon. Leastways, I never hearn tell of any 'flyin' carpets of Bagdad' bein' in use at the present day. If they was, an' this was one of 'em—"



"He leaned one elbow upon the high bar and yawned."

His muttered words trailed off into silence, but his eye brightened. Possibly it brightened because, upon glancing up from the carpet, his gaze fell upon two men who were coming down the village street in a state of agitated conversation.

Lank knew what they were talking about. At least, he was pretty sure. When two Tonawanda people were seen talking earnestly and gesticulating warmly at this present time, it was pretty safe to bet upon just one subject as that which held their attention.

And Lank was confident that these

two men approaching were engaged in debating the one burning subject then current in Tonawanda, for they were the chief constable of the town, and his newest deputy, Alf Macklin.

The topic of general conversation, in fact, was what had caused Lank himself to become *non persona grata* to Tonawanda society so soon after his arrival in the burg. The adventures of an Arabian knight grew stale before the mystery surrounding the murder of Uncle Joel Hawkins, who had lived for years a miser and recluse upon the outskirts of the town.

No trace of the perpetrator of the deed had been found. Nobody had seen a suspicious-looking person around the village on the day of the murder. Whoever had done it must have come from a distance, a stranger, and gone quickly away, without showing himself to the villagers at all.

In fact, shiftless and harmless as Lank Gridley was known to be, so desperate had the chief constable become that he even questioned that discontented individual very closely upon his actions at the time the miser must have been killed. Lank's alibi was perfect, however; but he hadn't forgiven the chief—nor the new deputy whom he believed suggested this slur upon his reputation—for harboring the suspicion against him.

Now he watched them with a gradually clearing face, holding the square bit of carpet listlessly in his hand. Soon his face became broadly agrin; then he chuckled.

By and by he beat the carpet more vigorously than was his wont, and all the time kept a wary eye upon the two men who had stopped opposite the doctor's gate to exchange a few last words. When the chief went on, evidently bound for the other end of the town where his home was located, Lank watched Alf Macklin

cross the road and enter the bar-room door of the village tavern.

Lank was so much interested in the train of thought which lent his countenance such a jovial cast that he really worked quickly. In a few minutes he had finished cleaning the doctor's carriage, and after giving a squint into the stable to make sure that the medical practitioner's spare horse was all right, he went across to the hotel. He slouched into the almost empty bar-room with his usual gait, and reaching the high bar, leaned one elbow upon it and yawned.

"The inside of that cavity of yours looks as parched as the Sahary Desert, Lank," said Sim Reeve, the bar-keeper.

"'Tis," admitted Lank. "I'm so dry my tongue's wrinkled. If you—'r somebody—don't set 'em up, Sim, I'll lose the power o' speech *in-tirely*."

Sim laughed, but did not take the gentle hit. Macklin, the only other occupant of the room, seemed disinclined to "loosen up," also.

"Wal," sighed Lank, "there ain't no danger, then, of my sayin' too much—as some folks is bound to if their clapper's well moistened. I was thinkin' that air when I was over ter Coburn las' week."

Sim had buried himself in a paper and was not listening. Had he been, he would have marveled how Lank had managed to get to Coburn and back again within seven days. But Lank went on talking into the surrounding atmosphere.

"There's a feller there—come to run a fakir's booth, 'r suthin', in the show—that was sartainly sayin' a good deal more than 'ud been healthy if any of them yaps over there took stock in it. He talked 'bout all the time of this here terrible thing that happened to poor ole Uncle Joel."

Macklin pricked up his ears and turned to "size up" Lank. That in-

dividual had a far-away look in his eyes, for even the exertion of romancing was strenuous and entailed pretty nearly all his physical as well as mental powers. But Sim never paid the least attention.

"T' hear that feller shootin' off his mouth—wal," sighed Lank, "you'd ha' thought he'd sure been there when the old man was killed. He knowed ev'ry *de-tail* of it, as the noo-papers call it. He knowed a sight more'n I did how 'twas done—an' me right here in Tonawanda at the time. He had a bad eye, that feller, too," Lank added, reflectively.

Macklin strolled over to the bar. He was a young deputy, and he was not a native of Tonawanda, and he did not know Lank Gridley very well. Otherwise he would never have suggested rounding him up and questioning him in the first flush of the mystery.

"When did you come back from Coburn?" he asked, in a confidential tone.

"Le's see," said Lank; "was it day b'fore yesterday, 'r was it yesterday? Seems ter me 'twas day b'fore."

He spoke more slowly than usual. Evidently the great thirst that parched him made conversation an effort. But Macklin was interested—Lank saw that.

"Think that man is there now?" asked the deputy.

Lank nodded. He was now beyond verbal expression.

"Hi, Sim!" called Macklin, "draw us a couple of beers. It is dry, just as Mr. Gridley says."

The foaming glasses were placed on the bar and Sim went back to his paper before the deputy spoke.

"I say," he whispered, when half the contents of Lank's glass had gone to irrigate his personal desert, "what did that man look like?"

"Why," said Lank, waking up as

if he had forgotten the topic of conversation, "he—he was sort o' tall—'n' dark—'n' slim—'n' sleeky. Dressed right up smart in new clo'es, though he comed into town lookin' like a sure 'nough tramp, so I hearn."

"Just bought new clothes, had he?"

"Ya—as." Lank downed the other half glass. "Bought 'em of Jimmy Ruggles."

"Did you hear his name?"

"Bagsby—Bagsby, were the name he give me," said Lank, thoughtfully.

"Do you s'pose he's there now?" whispered the deputy.

"Why, I reckon. He was goin' to have a stand in the fair-grounds, he said."

"And you'd know him again if you saw him?"

"Sure!" declared Lank, with emphasis.

The new deputy clutched Lank's arm and drew him outside the tavern, where not even Sim would be likely to overhear their conversation. There he talked long and earnestly to Lank, and finally, evidently much against the latter's will, got him to agree to some course of action.

"Then you'll go!" exclaimed Macklin. "Now, I'll look around for a hoss and wagon—"

Lank interrupted. He believed in striking while the iron was hot, even if it cooled before he got around to deliver a second blow. And he did not consider it best to let Macklin out of his sight.

"Ef you're in sech a mighty hurry, why don't ye take the doctor's extry rig?" he suggested. "There's the buggy—I jest been cleanin' of it; and the mare's in the stable an' you couldn't find a perkier critter in the town."

"But the doctor ain't to home," said Macklin, doubtfully.

"That don't make no odds. You're



"Macklin sprang at the man with the red necktie."

a ossifer. You got a right to conscrip' the outfit ef you see fit."

And Macklin, who did not care to share either information or glory—and possibly reward—with any other police officer, took up the idea. In ten minutes the doctor's mare was hitched in and Lank climbed over one wheel while the deputy sprang in from the other side.

When Lank's feet rested on the bit of carpet in the bottom of the buggy, a broad grin stretched across his freckled face like a yawning chasm in the side of a rugged mountain.

"Talk about your flyin' carpets," he muttered, "this 'ere beats 'em all!"

Although Lank had "hung off" a good deal when the excited deputy was bitten by the desire to visit Coburn, he was wise enough to keep Macklin interested during the drive. So he answered questions to the best of his ability in prevarication, which was, from long practice, quite uncommon.

"O he'll be there, I reckon," he assured Macklin. "Leastways, he was goin' to stay, he said, an' see the show through. We'll find him in the fair-grounds, I reckon," he added, for there was an admittance of half a dollar to the grounds, and it was well to make sure of at least one entrance fee.

"And you're sure you'll know him again?"

"Sartain."

"Well, you'll lose nothing by this, Gridley," said the deputy. "The town's offered five hundred dollars reward, and it'll come to me if I get the fellow—and if he's the man we want—you shall have a hundred of it."

"Wal, now, that's gin'rous of ye!" exclaimed Lank, and if he wished the dream would come true—or that he need never wake up! "But a feller can't have both a flyin' carpet an' a wishin' ring at the same time," he thought. "That'd be arskin' too much!"

Mid-afternoon found them at the gates of the Coburn Fair Grounds. Lank had insisted upon stopping on the road for dinner, and he had eaten a famous repast. Slow, but sure, was his motto in eating as well as in other activities.

The deputy put up the doctor's mare, and they went into the grounds. The place was thronged, for it was the first day of the fair. Lank saw that he should have to shake his companion, or else run the risk of an open breach with him, and for the first time he began to feel a little nervous.

"Is that the feller—the one there with the red tie?" Macklin asked, anon, and so it went as they pro-

gressed around the grounds, from booth to booth.

In desperation Lank was on the point of admitting the perspicuity of the eager deputy, and allowing him to lay the hand of the law upon a staid old deacon in the Coburn Baptist Church, when suddenly Macklin clutched him tight by the arm and pointed a trembling finger at an individual approaching them.

"Gridley! Gridley!" he said, hoarsely, "that's our man to a hair. Isn't it him? Tall, dark, black whisker, red necktie, and as slick lookin' as a greased pig. Am I right?"

Lank thought only of escape from the now tiresome Macklin. "Sure!" he said, intending to scurry off in the other direction when Macklin started for the individual in question.

But he had scarce turned, with a backward look over his shoulder to see if he was observed by the Tonawanda deputy, when his steps were stayed by the marvelous thing which happened. Macklin sprang like a tiger at the man with the red necktie.

"You're my prisoner!" he said, in a voice which rose above the confusion about them. "You come with me! We want you at Tonawanda for murder."

The man's black face grew ashen in a flash. In another flash he had leaped backward over a railing, and started to run across the racing course.

"Stop him! Stop thief!" yelled Macklin, starting in pursuit. Then: "Stop murderer!"

Lank was swept along with the charge after the fleeing victim. He had never run before within the memory of man, but he found himself in

the fore front of the chase when Macklin leaped upon the shoulders of the pursued and bore him to the ground.

Lank was really seriously disturbed when they bore the sullen prisoner away. He was tempted to explain. A joke was a joke, but this had gone far beyond the bounds of humor, even as he understood it.

The crowd of police, when they came and understood Macklin's explanation, were warmly congratulatory



"He sat upon Doc' Larrimer's stone wall."

to the young man. Then Lank did not dare put in a word. He was afraid they would shut him up instead of the prisoner.

He had got his wish. The flying carpet had brought him to Coburn; but he was not happy. And his happiness was not increased when he found that he was expected to go back to Tonawanda the next day and testify at the hearing.

He went back, perforce, and was treated with deference by even the chief constable. Indeed, he slept in that worthy's house, and had the best of everything to eat and drink. Yet never in his easy-going, careless existence had he been so uncomfortable.

He knew he should have to give up in the court-room. Aside from not

wishing to swear away an innocent man's life, Lank knew that somebody in Tonawanda would know that he could not possibly have seen the prisoner in Coburn before his own and the deputy's visit to the fair-grounds.

And then, when he came into the court-house yard at the hour set for the trial, as nearly a physical wreck from worry and fear as a man ever was, he was completely floored by being told that his testimony would not be needed.

"Why—why not?" he gasped.

"Why, the feller's confessed," said Macklin. "Told us all about it in the jail last night. Says he hid in Hawkins's barn, and then stole in through a window and killed the old man and robbed him.

"Funny thing, though. He declares he went from Hawkins's house to St. Joe, but came back as far as Coburn to see the fair that very day we caught him. Swears he never

was in the place before, and never opened his head about the murder to a living soul. Funny!"

And when Lank Gridley came to, he reckoned it was "funny!"

A few days later he sat on the identical spot upon Doc' Larrimer's stone wall from which he had gloomily viewed the mud-splashed buggy; and now he counted over and over a hundred dollars in bills that Macklin had placed in his hands.

"Wal, if that ain't the beatenes!" he muttered. "I never knowed there was so much money—not re'lly—in the worl'. What in tarnation I'll ever dowith it, I don't see!"

Then he raised his eyes suddenly and determination grew in his countenance.

"I swanny! that's jest it! The likeliest thing I can do first, I reckon, is to get Doc' Larrimer ter sell me that carpet 'fore some other feller gets onto what it's good for."

The House on the Hill

BY LYNN ROBY MEEKINS

When Roland Bancroft bought the house on the hill he had no intention of driving the two women from their old home. With him it was simply a real estate transaction. The farm had a granite quarry and deposits of gravel which the new railroad would need in its extension down the valley. If the company had appeared as purchaser the price would have been doubled. But the agents were kinder to Bancroft when he said indifferently that he would buy a country home if he could find one cheap enough, and thus he secured a bargain. After the option was agreed upon, Bancroft climbed June mountain with the idea of making headquarters at the house

on the hill while he was looking around.

It was a large, colonial building, filling its summit like a great king on his throne. It dominated the whole beautiful scene, and its very solitude seemed magnetic. Bancroft was as prosaic as a keg of nails, but he could not help feeling a real thrill of admiration—even nails have thrills when magnetism gets into them—as he gazed around and let the curious old knocker fall.

A young woman opened the door. She was tall and blonde, blue-eyed and calm, smiling and fine. Her white dress seemed a part of her simplicity and repose. To Bancroft,

who knew little about such things, she was very beautiful. He was thinking of it as he walked in, without really knowing what he was going to say to the young woman. Then he lost himself again as he stared open-eyed at the splendid old furniture, the charm and neatness of everything, and saw a home, he who had been wandering most of his life, and who with all his wealth had no home. It was beautiful; she was beautiful; all was beautiful.

Soon the mother entered, a gracious, dignified lady with snow-white hair. Bancroft never knew exactly how he stumbled through the next few minutes—he could never recall except dimly his request, and the terms and the assurances that he would give them little trouble; nor did he quite come to himself until he was in the long, high room with the multi-patched quilt of many colors over the bed, and the old chairs around the walls like very proper persons come to company—until he was looking from the window upon a glorious view of hill and valley without really seeing it.

Nor did he see Mrs. Day and Miss Delphine Day facing each other in the dining-room. "Why did you do it?" the mother asked, in bewilderment.

"Business, dear mother, business," replied the young woman in white. It was out of harmony. She might have discussed poetry or love or even dressmaking—but business; it was unfitting. And yet—"Mr. Bancroft did not come up here without a purpose," she said, "and we may profit from his interest in the place."

Bancroft had come up there with more than he knew. He had brought his purpose, but it also happened that he had been carrying around a lot of petty aches and pains which he had

gathered from the miasma and bad water of the lowlands. So when he arose the first morning in the house on the hill, he felt a fateful languor.

But there was tonic for his ennui—the air, the brightness, the view, and most of all, the gentle buoyancy of Delphine Day. That was like a sunrise, an atmospheric diffusion of cor-



"A young woman opened the door."

diality, and he bathed his weariness in it until he began to feel like one growing new with the progress of the day. Very properly and with indefinite graces she showed him the attractions of the home—like a real estate agent, if you can close your eyes and be really imaginative—with angelic charm and candor, and it all came to him in infinite pleasurableness.

He had traveled far and wide. His father, the president of the road, had sent him to see the world. He was in India when the old gentleman

died. He hurried home to inherit the paternal wealth, and to find besides that he had inherited the paternal desire for work, the itching to be in the midst of affairs, and so he had gone to his father's old office and sought employment from the new president, Mr. White, a strenuous graduate of the railroad school of experience. And Bancroft had toiled with the best of them; his hours had been too busy for romance—his mind was a hive for bees with no perches for butterflies.

But her rose garden was beautiful; her violet bed was the prettiest he had ever seen; her birds sang more sweetly than any he had ever heard. All this went on around that house on

the hill, and Bancroft could not understand why his body grew so much heavier while his heart became lighter—could not understand why on the fourth morning he fell back in bed when he attempted to rise.

Sam, the colored servant, went up to find the reason, but it was a case beyond Sam, and Mrs. Day being indisposed, Miss Delphine Day simply had to take a hand. She was dressed in blue—it was even more becoming than white.

"It's ridiculous," he said, with a forced smile, "but I'm burning and my head is going like a trip-hammer."

She felt his forehead—she really had to do it. Then began the remedies—cracked ice and the rest.

Several times he tried to tell her something that was weighing on his mind. But she prevented. Finally he realized that he was sinking into helplessness, and he summoned all his energies.

"I had no idea of robbing—" he began, and then he paused. "I had no idea of robbing—" he repeated more weakly, and then his eyes closed. The long unconsciousness had begun. Often in the weeks that followed he would say, guiltily, "I had no idea of robbing you," but no one knew what it meant.

It was a month before his intelligence awoke. "I had no idea of robbing—" he said, faintly, but when the woman he saw at the window turned, he stopped. He did not know her—he but vaguely recognized the uniform of the trained nurse.

But he knew the doctor's voice:



"They telegraphed for President White."



"I admit nothing."



"What's all this?"

"Glad to see you back, Bancroft," he said, cheerily, when the patient gathered a little more strength. "Pretty tired from your long journey, eh? But we'll soon have you all right again."

"Send her away," demanded Bancroft, indicating with his eyes the nurse. "I don't like her. I want Miss Day."

The doctor laughed. Bancroft grew angry. The doctor hedged. Bancroft insisted. He became so wrought up that the doctor gave in. The next morning Miss Day stood by his bedside. He told the others to get out.

"I thank you," he said, looking more than his words into her face. "I suppose you won't be in here any more now that I'm getting well, but I want the pleasure of telling you how much of this I owe to you. I have felt your presence even in my unconsciousness."

Her lips trembled a little; she had nothing to reply.

"I tried to say," he went on, after a little pause, "that I had no idea of robbing you when I came here. I do not intend you shall be robbed. Just as soon as I am able, I shall see that you get the full value of your

property. Thank you," he ended, weakly.

She took his thin hand and pressed it gently. "You are very welcome," she said. "I hope you will soon be strong again."

Bit by bit he got the facts. The railroad could not wait on typhoid. Men were busy in the quarry, and in the gravel beds. The Days had left three weeks before, and were boarding in the village—and Miss Day had come at the urgent solicitation of the physician. President White was delighted with Bancroft's purchase; he was going to take the old furniture for his own home.

Bancroft's anger blazed forth luridly. He began to say things. He issued orders. No one could manage him. They telegraphed for President White.

"What's all this?" he asked Bancroft.



"You need not go," she said."

croft. "You're going to stop the work? I can't have the furniture—?"

"Not a stick of it," was the determined interruption.

"But you made the purchase for the company; you were acting as our agent. You must admit that."

"I admit nothing. I bought the property. I paid my money for it. It is in my name—"

"But—"

"There are no buts about it. Get out, all of you, before I go to the courts."

Opportunities and imprecations grew thick. Bancroft was mad, they said. He was an idiot. He was everything; he was even worse than his old father who was more pig-headed than a drove of hogs. "It was a contemptible piece of business to drive these ladies from their home," he said, waving aside all explanations, "and I won't stand for it. I'll be generous and let you have what you need for the road. The rest of it I'll keep and you can thank your stars for getting off so cheaply."

Bancroft's obstinacy was not all. He had system, another parental inheritance. He got the house fixed, with everything in its old place, and then he began to arrange for the return. That was not so easy, but each refusal only led to greater insistence, and so it came to pass that while he was sitting in the sunshine in a protected corner of the big porch, Mrs. Day and Miss Day stood before him.

"Now," he said, "I shall get well," and after they had talked

awhile he added, "You will have to bear with me a little, but I promise you it will not be for long."

He was true to his word, but he faced the parting with increasing solemnity. It had not entered his head that it would be hard; the way he was feeling it threatened to be impossible. Each day of her companionship tightened the cords. He could not understand it, for he had never had a romance. He only knew that he was getting deeper and deeper, and that if he got away it would have to be either a quiet escape or an exhibition of heroism. So he chose the escape and bribed Sam to have the horses ready before the ladies came down. He would leave a note. That's what people did when contemplating suicide and other silly acts.

He crept down the stairs and eased open the door, but he saw no carriage. He looked, and there stood Miss Day. She was laughing at him.

"I told Sam to have the carriage," he confessed.

"Yes, I know," she replied. "But I told him you had changed your mind. It's really too early in the day for you to go driving."

"Then I need not go?" he asked, with a blending of doubt and anxiety.

"You need not go," she said.

And then, as the sun came up and illumined the house on the hill it enhanced everything but the new joy in the two faces. They had their own glory which no mere light could improve.

As for Bancroft, he hasn't gone yet.





NO STORY

By D. H. Talmadge.

It is the part of good nature to assert, regardless of conviction, that nothing bad is so

bad as it is painted, even unto the sensational daily newspaper. And it is the part of good nature, further, to bolster the assertion with proof, or with some substitute for proof, which shall defy the inspection of ordinarily shrewd people. Good nature is a blessing both to him who gives and to him who takes. It is worth an occasional perjury.

The happy individual who, in the kindness of his heart, scouts the notion that anything is wholly bad, has need of much wit and of enduring patience, for the burden of the evidence is against him, and the intelligent world is a creature of prejudice and a disordered liver. He has need of a clear eye of many candle-power, and of a nerve which trembles not.

Such an individual was Mr. Tupper Wright, a gentleman not entirely unknown to the readers of the best reviews. A poetical friend of Mr. Tupper Wright, whose recorded spasms of divine inspiration Mr. Wright once defended by exhibiting other and worse poems clipped from country weeklies, says of him, with the best of intentions:

"A cheerful fire that burns by day and night,
A welcome from the dark by candle light,
A comfort to the faint'ring in the fight,
Ah me!"

Those who best know Mr. Tupper Wright—and it is astonishing how many proudly claim the distinction—are aware that no yellow enters into the color scheme of his character. Rather does he run to reds of the more subdued sort, with occasional dashes of sky-blue and grass-green. The average understanding, consequently, is subject to bewilderment when he is observed merrily defending such scurrilous, scandalous sheets as *The Daily Demon*, not to mention other sheets which are as bad, and occasionally worse.

He was so observed one night at the Raaterpaam Club, when certain members of that aristocratic institution, holding in trembling hands crumpled copies of the *Demon*, from the first page of which, under headlines of stupendous size, looked out their portraits and the portraits of their wives, had flung upon the air sizzling words of indignation. It was atrocious, they said. It was damnable. To be sure, there was a basis for a story, but not for such a lurid, lying story as had been printed. And they raved.

Mr. Tupper Wright did not essay to speak until exhaustion had marked the aggrieved ones temporarily for its own. Then he placed his half-smoked cigar upon the table—a custom of his, conceived for the benefit of worthy underlings who assisted the janitor, and whose salaries did not permit them at first hand the choicest grade of tobacco—and flashed his

smile about the room as water is sprayed upon dust.

"All the fault is not with the *Demon* and its ilk," he said, in his perfectly modulated voice. "There is something to be said to the credit of even such prints. They might be worse than they are."

Had this statement been uttered by another than Mr. Tupper Wright at that time a storm of protest would have ensued; but being uttered by Mr. Tupper Wright, nothing ensued but silence. The Raaterpaam Club had come, through years of association, to respect the idiosyncrasies of Mr. Tupper Wright. It had learned that he never put forward a contention which he was not amply prepared to support, logically and oftentimes disastrously to those who ventured an objection. It was silent, therefore, waiting.

"I have in mind an incident," he continued, presently, "in which were concerned a sensational newspaper—perhaps the *Demon*—and one of the most prominent and wealthy families of the city. It occurred neither long ago nor recently. It bears out, I think, the truth of my assertion.

"The city editor of the newspaper gave an assignment to one of his bright young men on a certain evening, and the bright young man turned his coat collar well over his ears and jammed his hat somewhat over his eyes, for the weather was cold, and went forth with his customary cheer-

fulness. He was moving briskly through a quiet street in the so-called aristocratic section of the city, debating with himself as to the best means of obtaining the information desired, when, upon turning into another quiet street, he all but collided with a little party consisting of three men, two of whom were engaged in holding up the third for his valuables.

"The young man's mind grasped the situation in an instant, and in another instant his hands grasped the nearest of the footpads. When he recovered his senses he was lying upon a couch in what appeared to be a drawing-room. His head was bandaged. The odor of medicaments was in his nostrils, and their savor was upon his lips. At his side stood a man, evidently a physician.

"To this man he spoke, after he had looked about him wonderingly for a time. He wished to know where he was and why. The reply was frank. He was in the home of the gentleman whom he had so pluckily rescued, or attempted to rescue, from footpads an hour before. Then he remembered, and smiled weakly.

"They were rather too much for me, weren't they, Doctor?" he said.

"They gave you a nasty thump on the head," replied the physician; "but they took to their heels immediately thereafter, without waiting to complete the business they had in hand when you arrived upon the scene. The gentleman would not



"The city editor gave an assignment."

have you taken to a hospital. He wished you brought here, that he might demonstrate his gratitude, I suppose.'

" 'O,' said the young man, brightly, and closed his eyes—closed his eyes and thought desperately.

" He was, as perhaps you have surmised, in the home of the family with which his assignment had to do. Chance had carried him tenderly into the drawing-room of that home, and had nursed his wound. He was a guest, and in honor bound not to burrow into the secrets of his host. Yet he had become a guest through no volition of himself. It was plain enough—

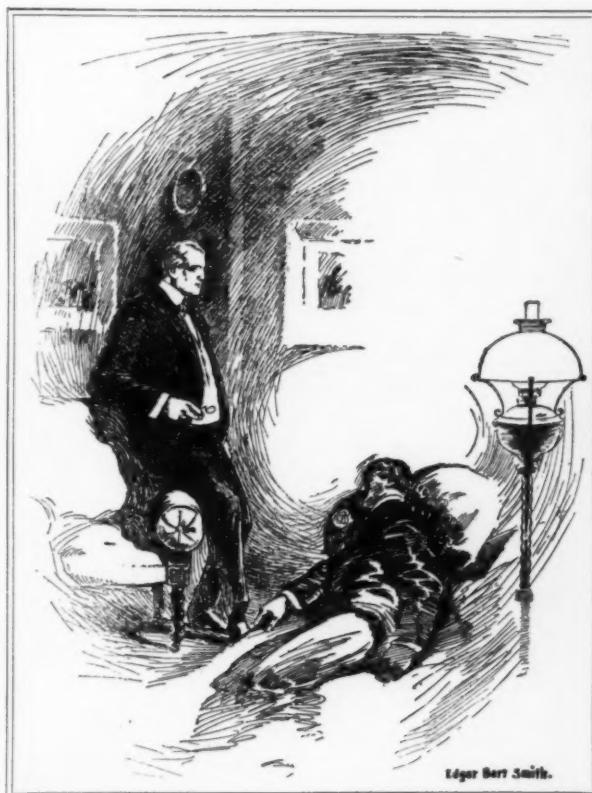
" But nothing was plain enough. He opened his eyes after a time. It seemed but a few minutes to him; in reality it was several hours. The physician was gone, and in his place stood a gentleman whom the young man recognized as the master of the house. This gentleman spoke to him solicitously, asking him how he felt, and he replied that he felt much better, able to sit up in fact, which assertion he verified by assuming a sitting posture.

" 'I believe I would better be going,' he said, awkwardly, when his head had in some degree ceased its swimming; 'they will be expecting me at the office.'

" 'I hardly think they will,' said the gentleman; 'I took the liberty of sending word to the editor as to your condition.'

" 'Then you know who I am?' The young man was astonished.

" 'O yes,' replied the gentleman, quietly; 'you are a reporter. A short time after the footpad struck you upon the head you began to talk, rather incoherently it is true, but still understandably. You evidently im-



Edgar Berr Smith.

"When he recovered his senses, he was lying upon a couch."

agined yourself to be carrying on a conversation with one of my servants at my back door. You introduced yourself quite distinctly, and you stated your business so clearly that a listener of some imagination, and possibly a guilty conscience, had little difficulty in catching your drift.

" 'I saw that some one had been tattling. I saw that nothing but prompt and decided action would save

my home from the blight of scandal. My first step was to order you brought here. My next was to write to the city editor of your paper, stating that the slight breach between myself and wife had been healed. There was to be no divorce. Certain interested and interesting relatives, aided and abetted by certain enemies in the stock market, to whom I referred by name, had prepared a tissue of falsehoods by which they hoped to separate my wife and me, as well as to destroy in a measure my standing among reputable citizens. They nearly succeeded—hang them! I spared no detail of their vile scheme. But it is all over now. There is no story.'

"No story! Gentlemen, that bright young man sitting upon the couch fainted dead away.

"The gentleman called in his daughter to assist in reviving him, and when the young man opened his eyes again, he looked in the face of the girl and fell plump in love with her. Afterwards he married her, which accounts for the fact that he is dawdling away his old age in the pleasant exercise of story-telling at his club, instead of sweating his brain to gain a crust, as many of his betters are doing. But this is foreign to the subject.

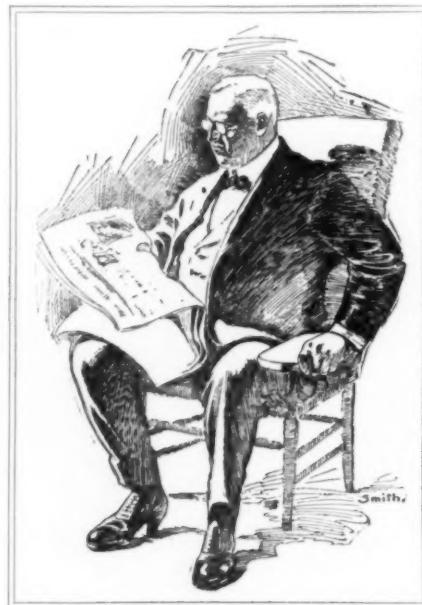
"He fainted away, as I say, because of the shock imparted to his already shaken system by the words of the gentleman whose guest he was.

No story! It was such a story as any one of seven newspapers in the town would barter their souls to obtain. It was a story worth twenty of that which he had been sent forth to obtain. His assignment had related simply to a threatened strike of the servants of the household, ridiculous on the face of it, but good for a momentary sensation. No story! Heavens, gentlemen, it was a story the like of which had not appeared in weeks.

"As soon as he was able to do so, the young man glanced at his watch. The hour was three o'clock. The paper had gone to press. The last editions were at that moment dropping from the folders. There was nothing for him to do, and he did it as cheerfully as possible. He was almost himself by daylight. He had sufficient appetite to relish the cof-

fee and rolls with which he was served. But his fingers itched for a morning paper. In his mind's eye he saw the flaming headlines and the columns of matter which had been faked up from the gentleman's letter. He was sorry. The gentleman really should have known better; but he could not repress a smile.

"Then he made acknowledgment as gracefully as he might to his host and to his host's daughter, for their kindness and consideration. He accepted with zeal an invitation to call the following Wednesday. He looked



"The story is true, gentlemen."

lingerly into the eyes of the girl, and passed hurriedly from the house and up the street to a news stand. He bought a paper. He turned page after page. The story was not there. That is all, gentlemen."

Mr. Tupper Wright arose to his feet before comment could be offered

by the listeners. At the door he paused, an ineffable smile upon his face.

"The story is true, gentlemen," he said. "You may account for it as you will."

And he passed from the room, closing the door softly behind him.

Crossed Wires

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

"Husband dear had to take the early train to town. Isn't that a shame, Mr. Basset?" announced pretty Mrs. Clarendon. Clement Basset and I were Clarendon's guests at Wee-Bunkers-on-the-Sound.

"It is a shame," assented Miss Herrick, "because it leaves us lacking a fourth hand for our morning tennis."

"O, that's all right, Marion," said Mrs. Clarendon to her sister. "I've sent word to Professor Steeb. He will be delighted to help you out."

The Professor was delighted, but distinctly not helpful. After the first set he wheezed, after the second he perspired unbecomingly, after the third he smashed his spectacles. Being his partner, I took the liberty of throwing up the sponge. It was plain that Miss Herrick and Basset were glad of it. They strolled off in the shrubbery while the Professor and I rested our elderly bones on a bench.

"Mr. Davis, do you fancy that those two young people are about to become—eh?" hinted Steeb, roguishly.

"It will be an excellent match," said I. "I'm glad Marion gave Ascher his sailing orders."

"Mr. Ascher has not been seen here at the Clarendons' for months. Formerly he was an assiduous visitor.

He is individually a cad, but ah, his dollars!" sighed the Professor.

"Basset is likely to win his dollars as well as his Marion. That railroad row between them in Mexico—"

"Yes, I understand. Yes, Mr. Davis, the modernity of the situation appeals to the philosophic mind. Here are two rivals who in medieval times would have broken lances."

"And now they try to break bank accounts," I said, for a weak joke might discourage the harangue on which the Professor was clearly embarked. In the smoking-room of the Wee Bunkers Country Club, a sign over a door reads: "Exit in case of Steeb."

"Observe, sir," continued the philosopher, "that the field of finance to-day is the field of private warfare, where we find the modern test and outlet of those aggressively adventurous qualities which in other ages made every gentleman a soldier." He was catching his stride; I was in despair. "There, in the world of business, we find the modern machinery of contest—the carefully planned campaign, the ambuscade; the secret spies, the spirit of battle—what shall I say?—the—"

"We shall take cold," I murmured.

"Bless my soul, that's true!" cried little Steeb. He snapped a pair of

bicycle clips over his flannel trousers, hopped on his wheel, and pedaled rapidly down the driveway.

Basset and I were stabled in adjoining apartments at the Clarendon cottage, and I found him extracting a package of cigarettes from a dispatch-box on his bedroom table when I shuffled through to my bath.

"That's a theatrical looking affair, my boy," said I, "like the thing in 'Diplomacy' which Countess What's-her-name plays hob with. And what do you keep in it?"

"Tobacco, mostly, Uncle Peter. Try one?"

"No, thank you. Cigarettes in a dispatch-box! Degenerate hero!" and I retired to the tub. He was still fumbling with the box when I emerged, and while we dressed for luncheon he was curiously grave and silent. I recalled the day that Marion Herrick's mother rejected me, and felt apprehensive for Clement.

Our luncheon was not enlivening. Mrs. Dick Clarendon had the brainlessly pretty features of a fashion-plate, she was gowned like a fashion-plate, she talked as a fashion-plate would talk, in mechanical formulas. I was often obliged to refer to genealogy in order to remind myself that Marion, with her handsome, keen, patrician face, was sister to dolly Mrs. Dick.

"Poor Richard stays in town for the night. The heat in town is so disagreeable," formulated our hostess.

"So it is anywhere," said I, fighting a yawn. "After lunch I shall attend to my correspondence in my room."

"Attend to it in the hammock, Uncle Peter," suggested Miss Herrick, unkindly. "There are lots of pillows and nobody will wake you up."

A significant glance from the melancholy Basset assured me that the

piazza was apt to be pre-empted. Accordingly I ascended the stairs to my letter-writing, but it seemed that I had hardly snoozed a quarter-hour on the bedroom couch when I was roused by young Basset pulling at my shoulder. The windows were scarlet with the sunset.

"Hang it all!" I remarked. "Have I no chance for repose?"

"Look at this telegram, will you? It just came." There was no sign of melancholy in his manner now.

I read the type-writing through a delicious mist of drowsiness. "'Balla-d garnish cliff papal mizzen hyena.' What the dickens—"

"A cipher from Black, the New York manager," snapped Basset. "Are you awake? I want to translate it to you. 'Authoritative rumor Heineman-Ascher faction has copy map our projected Mexican railroad combination.' How's that?"

"Serious, I presume, but really, Clement, why my beauty sleep should be—"

"Then listen to the worst of it. Our only map of that railroad combination was drawn yesterday. I have it here—yes, in that box. I was almost positive this morning that my papers had been handled. Who sent a copy of the map to the Ascher crowd?" and he flung down his code-book on the table.

"You mean—"

"A paid spy here among the servants, of course."

Basset scowled at my blank consternation and paced up and down the room with a carefully measured length of step, while I mumbled something about a bugaboo.

"O, that gang is capable of anything," said he. "If I can catch them in a dirty piece of business like this, it's worth while. Steal a tracing of our plan of campaign, eh? They can guess that I—well, that I'm

often here. Nobody guesses it better than Ascher himself," he added, grimly.

"What do you propose to do?"

"In Clarendon's absence, to interview Mrs. Clarendon as to her servants. It's a delicate question, but here goes."

This brought me up all standing. My protests went for nothing. He was insanely determined upon what he chose to call "running the rascals down," and in vain I presented a picture of Mrs. Clarendon's hysterical horror at his suspicions.

"Besides, she knows nothing about her establishment," I argued, desperately. "Marion has been the real housekeeper for years."

"Miss Herrick? Very well. We must speak to Miss Herrick. She has a head on her shoulders. Come along."

Lord, how I hate a mess! Marion was in a wicker chair on the lawn, reading a fairy book to her nieces. It was a pretty tableau of the domestic affections, as I took pains to point out to Basset, but he ruthlessly disarranged it. We went into the library. Marion listened to Basset with much more gravity than he deserved. He had but one remnant of sense—he omitted Ascher's name.

"I am very sorry," she said. "I'll examine our maids."

"No, if you'll pardon me," objected Basset. "With your permission, I want to make absolutely sure of this thing. I want to send to town for our inquiry agent."

"A detective?"

I rose in my disgust. "Clement, don't be preposterous!"

"Why not?" interposed Marion. "There can be no objection, if—"

"The man will come as my valet," said Basset, glancing at his watch. "Perhaps it's extraordinary, but you see I've extraordinary reasons—I'll send for Egan at once."

He slammed the door before I could comment on his behavior. Marion turned up the wick of the lamp reflectively.

"A professional spy—here!" I exclaimed. "I am not an expert in lunacy, but upon my word poor Clement needs attention. May I soothe myself with a pipe?"

"Considering that this library is Richard's private and particular den, you may, if we can discover a match," said Marion, looking about on the desk. "Dear me, I hope none of our servants—"

"Now, please don't bother about the match or anything else;" I picked a scrap from the waste-basket; "this will do. Of course Basset is over-suspicious."



"The Professor was delighted."

"Of course."

I twisted the beastly bit of paper between my fingers and held it plain in the light over the lamp. Then I jammed it into my pocket. It was transparent, oily stuff, useful only for one purpose, architect's tracing-paper, beyond a doubt. But Clarendon was not an architect. He worked for a beggarly salary, I believe, in a banking house.

It was not known to me that Marion noticed the tracing-paper. The fact is, that the confounded map was getting on my nerves. I actually caught myself watching the maid-servants at dinner, and one of them was extremely good-looking. In the evening we sat on the piazza and entertained the mosquitoes, while Mrs. Clarendon warbled German songs at us through the French windows. At ten o'clock the arrival of Basset's valet was announced. I had a glimpse of this delectable body-servant on my way to my bedroom, where I burned the tracing-paper and went judiciously to sleep. Basset might stew this pickle for himself, since he was so eager about it. Nobody could say that I had a finger in the brine.

Therefore, I was greatly relieved at our late breakfast *a deux* the next forenoon, when Mrs. Clarendon informed me that Basset had already fled to town. Obviously he had removed his notions and his Egan creature with him, and in returning peace of mind I took my morning cigar to the sunny bench beside the tennis-court. But my innocent siesta was foredoomed. Marion soon approached, walking down the garden path, and in her wake, as I live, was the ridiculous detective. I tossed away my cigar and groaned. The girl was pale; her chin was tilted; it was evident that things were to transpire.

"Uncle Peter," she said, "this man wishes to report to you."

"To—me?" I stammered.

Egan puckered his odious lips as if for a whistle.

"Tell Mr. Davis," she commanded, imperiously.

"Why, Miss Herrick wishes me to tell you," hesitated the agent, "that she is the party who copied that there map and sent it to Ascher."

"You are a fool to say so," I cried, agast at his impudence.

"I think so myself, sir," agreed Egan, with an apologetic grin. "But the young lady herself—"

"Oh, I admit it," broke in Marion. "I confess it. He speaks the truth."

I clutched the wire netting for support. At my age one shouldn't smoke strong tobacco in the sunshine.

"Marion," I entreated, "if you will have the kindness to explain this rigmarole—"

"I don't intend to explain it," she said, rapidly. "Isn't it enough that I acknowledge I'm caught? All's fair, Uncle Peter, in love and war. Now, will you order this detective to leave us and go to his employer with the news?"

She drew in her breath sharply and I took a fresh grip on the netting. After a life-long acquaintance with Marion I knew what it signified when she held her chin in the air.

"Basset would half kill the man who brought him such a story," I ventured, helplessly. I knew him as well as I knew Marion.

"Then I'll telephone to his office myself," she retorted. "I mean exactly what I say. Make the most of it. I presume your investigation is over? And I presume that my sister—and Dick—needn't be—"

"Good Lord, no!" I gasped.

"Thank you, Uncle Peter," she said, and walked towards the cottage with shoulders set defiantly as Ajax. Egan reminded me of his propinquity by an insinuating cough.

"Miss Herrick, she's excited, sir," he observed.

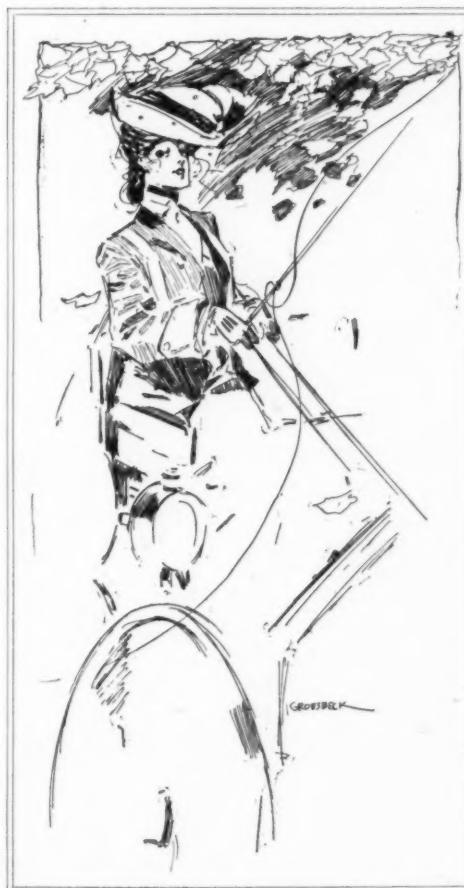
"Naturally, you ignoramus," I rejoined, a trifle indelicately. But it was impossible to offend the fellow.

"When Mr. Basset left, he directed me to take orders from you," said he. "I haven't found out nothing definite, except for what Miss Herrick just—"

"Look here," I replied, "you go to the hotel and keep your mouth shut. That's what you do."

I watched him stroll over the green lawn to the road leading to the village, and my brains resumed business. Marion's Quixotic conduct was plain as print. She was insulted by Basset's suspicions of Clarendon's household, and by his detective, and was obstinately resolved to instruct him in manners. After all, I could not blame her, but it was lucky that I was on the spot to warn Clarendon about the affair, and settle it amicably. Destiny at this juncture dispatched Mrs. Clarendon down the driveway, in a two-seated trap. She waved her whip.

"Dick wired me he'd be here for lunch," she called. "I'm off to meet him. Climb aboard."



"Mrs. Dick reined up the cobs."

I climbed with pleasure. Mrs. Dick, charming in a fluffy blue gown, prattled melodiously. She reined up the cobs in the shade near the little railroad station, and there was Professor Steeb, reclining on the turf beside his bicycle and puffing damply. He off-capped with a tremendous flourish.

"I assure you, Mrs. Clarendon," he said, "I was glad to supply you with the paper yesterday. Pray depend on me if you need more of it. I keep it constantly, you know, for tracing my inscriptions."

Tracing-paper—Mrs. Dick? Did she copy that horrible map? What the—I was conscious of symptoms of one of my celebrated headaches.

"Thank you so much," she answered, sweetly. "Ah, there is the train, and Richard—and Mr. Basset back

again so soon. How attractive!"

I would rather have seen my creditors' attorney. Basset and Clarendon ascended to the rear seat of the trap. Both were in excellent spirits. I relapsed into a study of the dashboard; there was bound to be a ruction now.

"By the way, Uncle Peter," said

Basset, without a word of warning, "I have been telling Dick the yarn about that plan of our railroads—"

I grunted unintelligibly. Mrs. Clarendon chirruped to the horses.

"It turns out of no consequence to me," he proceeded. "An unknown person sent Mr. Ascher a false map purporting to be a copy of mine. Of course Ascher didn't rely on it. It was a clumsy trick of some enemy, trying to get even with him. Insignificant, but laughable, isn't it?"

"Very," said I. "What a delightful morning!"

"Now, I'll bet it was a woman sent that thing to Ascher," put in Clarendon. "It's a sort of crazy feminine scheme, anyway. Some woman with a grudge against him. Ascher knows lots of silly women, especially the married variety."

"Danger!" cried his wife, gayly, and we all ducked to avoid the low-hanging bows of a maple-tree at Clarendon's gate.

Marion and the children were waiting on the steps of the cottage when we drove up. She beckoned me away to the far end of the piazza.

"Have you told him," she asked, "who sent the map?" Her chin was still tilted.

"No, my dear," said I. "He doesn't care. But I know. Silly Mrs. Dick?"

The stubborn head nodded, in spite of itself.

"I would have stuck it out to spare her the shame, Uncle Peter. The detective frightened me. And she is silly—nothing worse. Hugo Ascher flattered and then laughed at her. I fancy she has learned her lesson."

"I hope you'll impress it," I concluded.

At the luncheon-table, Mrs. Clarendon's pink eyes convinced me that Marion had followed my advice. I sat next to her and elicited exactly two sentences from my hostess. Clarendon chattered in the blissful ignorance of the perfect husband, and Clement beamed with ludicrous happiness every time Miss Herrick smiled at him.

And Egan? The last time I saw him he was guarding the presents at Marion's wedding, with the cynical smile of a man who might break up the festivities if he chose to talk.

A Bottled Joke

BY UNA HUDSON

The sleeper was crowded, and as I stowed away my suit-case, top coat, and umbrella I inwardly congratulated myself that I had had the foresight to secure an entire section.

Then I settled myself comfortably, and began a leisurely survey of my fellow-passengers. They were commonplace and uninteresting enough, most of them, but down at the far end of the car was a little woman who instantly attracted my attention. She was distractingly pretty, and she

seemed to be anxiously and unsuccessfully trying to locate her berth.

Common courtesy, I thought, demanded that I should instantly go to her assistance. I rose a trifle hurriedly, perhaps, for I was fearful lest the porter might come in before I should have a chance to proffer my services.

She blushed charmingly when I stopped beside her, and in response to my question, showed me her ticket.

Instantly I perceived that a mistake

had somehow been made, for her ticket was for lower seven, and that entire section was mine.

"Why," I said, glibly, "we are to be traveling companions. I have upper seven."

For I had hastily decided to keep her in ignorance of the fact that she was usurping part of my section. There wasn't another vacant seat anywhere in the car, and I did not wish to subject her to any unnecessary embarrassment.

So I displaced my luggage to make room for hers, and established her in the seat nearest the window. She drew aside her skirts and motioned me to to take the place beside her.

"It is so unpleasant," she said, "to ride with one's back to the engine. It makes me quite ill."

Now, heretofore it had been quite immaterial to me where I sat, but I gratefully accepted the indicated seat, pleased that she seemed inclined to be so friendly.

I took out my card-case and offered one of my cards. "As there is no one to do it for me," I said, "I hope you will permit me to introduce myself."

She glanced at the card and held out her hand. "I'm delighted to meet you, Mr. Barton," she said, with mock formality. "I'm Mrs. Ashton."

And then we became very friendly, so friendly, indeed, that when, a little later, dinner was announced in the dining-car, we went in together, and lingered over the meal in the most sociable manner.

After dinner I took Mrs. Ashton back to the sleeper, and went on into the smoking-car for my after-dinner cigar. I hadn't expected to find any one there I knew, but the very first man I ran across was Jack Morton. He greeted me with a hearty hand-shake, and at once insisted that I

should make the fourth in a game of poker. But I declined, preferring to spend the evening in Mrs. Ashton's company.

"Well, anyhow," he urged, "come back before you turn in; I've got a bottle of the real stuff, and I'll let you sample it. If I'm not here, you will find me in the sleeper just behind yours."

I thanked him and went back to Mrs. Ashton. She was a most charming companion, and the evening was gone almost before I realized that it was fairly begun. It was shockingly late when I finally bade her "good night," and went in search of Jack Morton and the promised "real stuff."

Most of the berths in the other sleeper seemed to be made up. Half way down the aisle I caught a glimpse of Jack just disappearing behind the green curtains of lower eight. There could be no mistaking the number of his section, because, as he moved the curtains, for an instant the big, staring "8" flapped into view.

I followed after him, bent on obtaining the promised drink, for I knew from experience that Jack's flask contained always the best obtainable.

I parted the curtains sufficiently to discern the outlines of a recumbent figure, and oh joy, clasped tight in its hands was a bottle.

"I've come for my share, old man," I said, in an exultant whisper, and snatched the bottle. I let the curtains fall and raised the bottle triumphantly to my lips.

Then I stood still, fairly frozen with horror, for the bottle was half filled with a white liquid, and from it there dangled a rubber attachment.

To add to my perturbation, a baby, presumably the owner of the bottle, began to cry loudly, and a woman's voice shrilly berating me, demanded that I return the bottle instantly. I shoved it through the curtains, mut-

tered a hasty but none the less heartfelt apology, and fled incontinently.

Once safely back in my own car, I heaved a great sigh of relief, and got into my upper berth, feeling that the only redeeming feature of my escapade was that it would not be necessary for me to face the victims of my unintentional practical joke.

For some hours I lay awake, mentally calling myself all the different kinds of a fool I could think of, but toward morning I began to take a more cheerful view of the situation. After all, no great harm had been done, and there wasn't one chance in a hundred that the mother of the baby would be able to recognize me, even if we should happen to meet face to face.

Finally I drifted into uneasy dreams of animated bottles, screaming infants, and irate mothers, from which I was finally aroused by the cry of "Last call for breakfast in the dining-car."

When a few moments later I emerged from my berth, Mrs. Ashton was nowhere to be seen. I concluded that she must be at breakfast, and hurried through my toilet, hoping to join her before she should finish.

I was greatly annoyed to discover, as I adjusted my cravat, that my scarf-pin was missing. Its actual value in dollars and cents was considerable, but I prized it chiefly because it was an heirloom, having been handed down from father to son for more generations than I could count.

I spoke to the porter, and he promised to make careful search for the missing pin, but I entertained but little hope of its recovery.

Mrs. Ashton was not in the dining-car, and after a solitary breakfast, I went back to the sleeper, where I found her abstractedly gazing out of the window.

Her good morning was more like a

slap in the face than a courteous greeting. I stared in amazement, wondering in what manner I had managed to offend her. It occurred to me that I had possibly inconvenienced her by sleeping so late. The car was very crowded, and she had perhaps experienced some difficulty in finding a seat while she waited until such time as her berth could be made up.

I began a most humble apology, but she cut me short with the icy assurance that it would have been quite immaterial to her had I slept till noon. Then she turned again to her contemplation of the scenery, and I sat down opposite her, dejectedly enough, and made pretense of being absorbed in a magazine.

But I watched her covertly, hoping for some melting of her frigid demeanor. I even turned up my coat collar and shivered ostentatiously, but she sat on, more like an unyielding iceberg than anything I could think of.

Finally she opened a beaded affair that hung from her belt, and took from it something that looked strangely like my lost pin.

"Mr. Barton," she said, frigidly, "I think this is your pin. Permit me to return it to you."

I took the pin in unfeigned astonishment. "Why," I said, "where did you find it?"

"My nurse-maid," she said, with awful distinctness, "found it in her berth this morning. It probably dropped from your tie when you snatched away my baby's bottle of milk."

I stared at her in frozen horror, too dismayed for speech. Then I felt my face growing red, so red that it occurred to me that my sandy mustache would probably be changed permanently to a beautiful deep auburn. But that was the least of my troubles. I never had particularly admired the color of my mustache anyway; I wore

it merely because it served in a measure to cover up my abnormally large mouth.

"I—I'm so sorry," I managed to blurt out at last. "I had no idea the baby was yours." Which was probably the most inauspicious preface to an explanation and apology I could have devised. For it must inevitably have given Mrs. Ashton the impression that I was a Jekyll-Hyde sort of a man, preying upon helpless infants.

"Probably not," she said, cuttingly. "But what you did is none the less reprehensible on that account. I suppose you thought it a joke, one of your horrid, practical jokes. Things have come to a pretty pass when an inoffensive, fatherless little baby traveling with his nurse, is at the mercy of a big, strong, rude man."

Mrs. Ashton brought her indignant tirade to an abrupt close, whether for lack of breath or of adjectives I was unable to determine.

Metaphorically I groveled at her feet. But it was of no avail. She would listen to no explanation, would accept no apology.

I left her finally, and made the balance of the trip in the smoking-car. But chagrined though I was, there yet remained to me one small grain of comfort. Mrs. Ashton had alluded to her baby as "fatherless."

Generally when a man meets a woman whom he particularly admires, he discovers, to his lasting regret, that she is married or engaged. But by her own confession Mrs. Ashton was widowed. I admired her immensely, and I by no means despaired of ultimately changing the bad opinion she had formed of me.

With which end in view I treated the conductor systematically and liberally to my choice Havanas, and I tipped the porter handsomely. After which, by means of adroit questioning, I discovered that Mrs. Ashton's desti-

nation was Chicago, which happened also to be mine.

And although I carefully kept out of her sight, and shunned the nurse-maid and the baby as I would the plague, yet I grimly resolved that she should see more of me, and that my next appearance would be in the guise of a "friend in need."

As the train drew into the depot at Chicago I sauntered carelessly past Mrs. Ashton's section, erstwhile my own. She was struggling with a dress suit-case and a multiplicity of handbags and valises, the impedimenta incident to a journey with a baby. The nurse-maid, holding the baby in her lap, sat in the place that had been mine.

The train came to a standstill, and the passengers began to stream out, all save Mrs. Ashton, who still struggled with her luggage, and the nurse-maid, who obviously couldn't leave her mistress.

"That horrid porter!" I heard Mrs. Ashton exclaim. "Why doesn't he come and help us?"

I knew why, but as her remark was strictly impersonal, I did not feel called upon to explain. Instead, I stepped to her side and took off my hat with my most engaging smile.

"Do let me help you, Mrs. Ashton," I entreated, humbly.

"You have your own luggage," she said, icily, and she looked not at me but through and beyond me.

"Only a suit-case and umbrella," I said, undaunted by her frigid demeanor. "I am perfectly able to carry some of your things."

And then the unexpected happened. She flashed upon me a brilliant smile. "Since you are so kind," she murmured, sweetly, "I will be so much obliged if you will carry baby. Matilda, give baby to this gentleman."

I very nearly collapsed, but I managed to retain sufficient presence of

mind to clutch despairingly at the baby the giggling Matilda thrust upon me.

"Now, Mr. Barton," Mrs. Ashton said, briskly, "if you will kindly carry baby to the ladies' waiting-room, we will follow with our luggage."

It was an awful ordeal, that walk from the train to the ladies' waiting-room. The porter, whom I had tipped, grinned from ear to ear, and the conductor, whose pockets fairly bulged with my cigars, advised me to "grip him a little higher."

I heard whispers of "fond papa" and "his first, evidently." To all outward seeming I was the sole proprietor of that baby. But it remained for Jack Morton to cap my misery by a loud and jovial hail of "Hello, Dick Barton, where—did—you—get—the—infant?"

I glared and consigned Jack to a place where he wouldn't find it necessary to pay coal bills, and stumbled into the ladies' waiting-room. I slumped dejectedly into a seat, and waited for the appearance of the baby's guardians.

They came finally, Mrs. Ashton serene and smiling, and Matilda still giggling hysterically.

"Thank you so very much," said the former, effusively. "You walked so fast we couldn't keep up with you. And now I wonder if I dare ask you to hold him a little longer, just till we see about our trunks. One of them, they tell me, is missing."

I strongly suspected that she fibbed, but I couldn't say so. Instead, I asserted my entire willingness to hold the baby for so long a time as she should see fit to intrust him to my care.

She thanked me sweetly, and said

something in an undertone to Matilda, who immediately began to rummage in a bag she carried. She presently drew forth a bottle, the sight of which fairly made me sick.

"Baby is hungry," Mrs. Ashton explained in a business-like manner, and she walked off, Matilda following in her wake, and leaving me alone with the baby and the bottle.

That the trials of the next half-hour did not permanently dethrone my reason was due entirely to the friendly offices of a dear, charitable, old lady who, noting my distress, volunteered to hold the baby and manipulate the bottle. So soothing were her ministrations that when finally Mrs. Ashton came back, she found the baby slumbering peacefully in my arms, while the empty bottle lay on the seat beside me.

Still carrying the baby, I saw Mrs. Ashton to her carriage. Broken in spirit and dejected past belief, I laid the baby in his nurse's arms, and lifting my hat, turned silently away.

But Mrs. Ashton recalled me. "Mr. Barton," she called, and I turned obediently. "Good by," she said, with cordially outstretched hand, "and thank you *so much*."

I took her hand and held it fast, the while I strove to read her dancing eyes. "I'll forgive you," she said, "for—you know what. I think you have been sufficiently punished. And if you still want to explain how it happened, come and see me."

"This evening?" I cried, eagerly.

Mrs. Ashton nodded. "We are stopping at the Elmore," she called back as the carriage drove off.

And for me the sun shone once more.



A Genuine Chippendale

BY MARGARET BUSBEE SHIPP

We had been five days at Mrs. Livingston's house-party without a single tête-à-tête, when Miss Heyward herself openly contrived to bring about a walk. I was in the seventh heaven, but alighted on my customary habitat below sea-level, when she exclaimed, enthusiastically, "Oh, Mr. Rutledge, I have heard of the most charming place where a cross old man lives with a dragon of a wife—"

"Charming!"

"And they never let anybody go inside, and Mrs. Livingston is sure they have old furniture and china."

"So this is to be another hunt for the antique," I said, gloomily. "I thought we were to walk through the woods."

"Please, Billy," she coaxed. As she only calls me that on the rare occasions when I'm in high favor, I brightened visibly.

"Well, let's run them down. We'll let no guilty candlestick escape!"

"Perhaps we shall find a Pike pitcher and a pewter tea-set."

"Then you'll need an old sideboard to put them on, won't you?"

"Some one told Mrs. Livingston that they had a Chippendale sideboard, a corner cupboard, and a rosewood davenport with the woodwork beautifully curved. The curve marks the best style of the true colonial, you know."

I didn't know, so I nodded wisely. Then I tried to make a ten-strike.

"You select the things, and I'll have them shipped to Gray Rocks. You would like them in the dining-

room there? I think they would suit the old house."

Miss Heyward looked exasperatingly serene. "If I ever do, Billy, it wouldn't be you at all; it would be that I couldn't resist those colonial pillars at Gray Rocks."

"Women used to marry for love, now they marry for convenience, or money, or ennui—I knew one who said she married for a change of climate—but you will be the first who married for stone pillars. Don't you think they will be a little er—unresponsive?"

"If they are," said Edith, demurely, "I might let you play proxy, very occasionally. No one could ever bring that charge against you."

Just at that interesting juncture, she entirely lost sight of so trivial a circumstance as marrying me, for we came in sight of Abraham Coggin's place.

"Let's hurry! There it is!"

In a moment she had turned in at the gate, and I followed, inwardly cursing Coggin and his furniture and my luck.

The lord of the manor sat on his porch smoking a pipe which he did not remove.

"Good afternoon," began Miss Heyward, in her sweetest way, and holding out her bit of a hand. "What a cool, attractive place you have!"

"A leetle too near the road," he drawled between puffs. "Get a lot o' meddlin' I'd as lief do without."

"Don't class me with the meddlers, please," said Miss Heyward, in just the same voice in which she calls me "Billy," which always reduces me to

terms. I admired Abraham Coggin when he did not flinch before it.

"Mrs. Livingston said you had a genuine colonial davenport."

"An' what's that?"

"Why," she floundered, as she tried to put it in the vernacular, "it's an old sofa that belonged to your grandfather, with stiff sides and a bulging front—"

"Waal, I guess he was preevileged to have stiff sides, bein' over ninety, and as for his bulgin' front, I 'spose you think that slim dude with you won't have one in the course o' time?"

"Oh!" gasped Edith, "I didn't say your grandfather had a—a—"

"A bulgin' front," said Coggin,

grimly, "it were your ex-act words, marm."

Edith gave it up in despair, and ventured timidly, "Have you any Chippendale furniture? I should like to buy some very much."

"How does it look?"

"Why, that has a straight back, straight front, and spindle legs."

"Yaas, I got a piece like that."

"O—oh!" Edith looked at me in triumph. "May I see it?"

"You mought, if the old 'ooman's willin'. Jemima!"

A tall, preternaturally thin woman came out on the porch. Her face justified the title "dragon" which we had heard applied, and Edith retreated to where I was standing.



"I admired Abraham Coggin when he did not flinch."

"This young lady comes lookin' for somethin' in the house with straight back, straight front, and spindly legs. Seems to be my chance of deesposin' of you, Jemima."

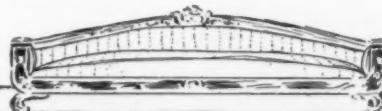
"You kin just tell that ondecent female critter—"

But the female critter had seized my hand, and we fled ignominiously

to the safe shelter of the opposite woods.

As we turned into a leafy lane, she lifted her eyes and swept my face with a shy, approving glance that made my pulses leap.

"O, Billy, how I hate everything antique! I'm so glad you are a very, very modern man!"



The Twin Ghosts of St. Pierre

BY DAVID BARTON

I am a physician and surgeon, in practice at St. John's, Newfoundland—something more of a surgeon than physician, I am inclined to think. It may be that my patients and professional brethren have been indiscreet enough to ascribe some small skill to me; it may be that I am reputed to fear neither winds nor the fury of the sea, if there be a cry of pain beyond; but it may be only because I speak French that I was summoned to the bedside of a certain personage then resident in the Iles Saint Pierre et Miquelon, the French possessions which lie in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, some hours' sail off the south coast of my native land.

However that may be, summoned I was, and in midwinter. The name and station of the man, I forbear to set down; he was great enough, at any rate, to have the government tug-boat "Trois Fils" in waiting for me at Placentia when I stepped from the train from St. John's. I was weary enough of the cold and discomfort of that long ride to fall sound asleep, before the little craft had nosed her

way from the broken ice of the harbor to the frosty blasts and spume of the Gulf of St. Lawrence; so it came about that we were running into the harbor of Saint Pierre when I awoke. The sky was low and all gray; and the great black crucifix on the hill, which holy men have set there to move mariners to gratitude for perils escaped, was as if mysteriously hung in the clouds.

They took me through old streets, wind-swept from the harbor, to the Hotel Dupont by the Quai de la Ronciere—in that quarter of the ancient town where the gusts play weird pranks with casements and pendant sign-boards in the night. Old Dupont's eyes were red, and set in puffy flesh; and so shifty were they that I fancied they might some day jump from their sockets in scared haste to escape the glance of an honest man.

"Monsieur will want a room for the night?" he asked.

"To be sure," said I.

He eyed me from the ambush of his shaggy brows. His hand—a sal-

low, fleshy hand — shook as he smoothed his beard. He looked to Madame; and Madame, over whose withered cheeks tears were running, turned her eyes to me.

"To be sure," said Dupont, in a fluster of obsequiousness. "Monsieur shall have Number 24."

"No, no!" Madame cried. "It is Number 26."

"Are you sure, my dear," Dupont protested, stumbling through the question, "that that is the—ah—better room?"

There was a dispute. Madame protested. Dupont held fast. Madame, strange to say, was provoked to tearful vehemence. It was agreed, at the last, that I should occupy Number 26.

"To which," said Dupont, with a quick smile, "I shall with pleasure now show Monsieur."

It was dusk—dusk of a bitter winter day. With a flaring candle to show the way, he led me to a corridor so long and bare and shadowy that its echoing vastness oppressed me. Thence, after some ill-concealed hesitancy, he took me to my chamber.

"Now, I wonder why," I thought, when Dupont had bowed himself from the room, "he has brought me to Number 24, when it was agreed that I should go to Number 26!"

It was a dismal place—a dismal detail of a dreary ghostly whole. The builders of the Hotel Dupont died long, long ago; and the work of their hands—this old house, gray and long and low, and now fallen into the dilapidation of age—is haunted by the winds which come in from the sea. They steal in through hidden crevices, and creep, sighing, from room to room, as if seeking with a clammy hand that which never can be found, that which was long since, but never shall be more. They sweep in through the door; they fling it open and come screaming. They swirl up

the stair and run like mad through the long, vacant corridors. They seem to search—everywhere to search; mysteriously passing from here to there: in dusty closets, in secret places, in forgotten nooks, in abandoned rooms, through the ceiling shadows. They fill all the shadows with low whisperings; and in unseen places they sigh and moan.

Who knows what shapes the winds sweep with them from the unknown to the unknown? It is as if the spirits of men who died on bloody fields gather on this rocky, wind-swept remnant of the empire for which they fought—gather here, far out to sea, to tell old tales of thrust and blow; to mourn the final issue of many wars.

"If Monsieur is ready," Dupont called, tapping on the door, "they are waiting below."

The personage to whose bedside I then went—the man upon whom I operated that night—died in terror of death. Had the echo of his last cry gone with his soul into outer darkness, I might not have been fast in the grip of fear, when, before dawn, my courage was tried. But I could not still that cry; it rang in my ears from corner to corner of the streets of the town, as I made my way back to the Hotel Dupont; it reduced me to childish fear of the darkness behind; it developed within me a frantic impulse to run. The streets were rough, narrow, and unlit; nor was there any other man abroad in the night. I felt that I was remote from all familiar things — from things known and not to be feared.

The wind had risen—a gusty wind, which swiftly swept thin, low-hanging clouds over the sky; and these clouds absorbed the moonlight, which imparted to them a ghostly radiance. All the night was weird and ominous; and silent, too, save for the shrieking of the wind among the housetops. It

was not until I turned into the Rue de la Ronciere that I heard the roll of the drums—beating with funeral regularity, and drawing nearer all the while. And it was not until I stood at the door of the Hotel Dupont that I came upon the man who, according

nished. There was one window; a long, narrow window, curtainless and small-paned. My bed was an ancient bit of furniture, high, solid, capacious, and made exceedingly soft with two deep feather mattresses. It was set near the wall, broadside to



Edgar B. Smith. '03.

"There was a dispute. Madame protested. Dupont held fast."

to the old custom, was beating the signal.

"What has happened?" I asked.

"Ten o'clock, Monsieur!" he cried; adding the equivalent of the English, "And all's well!"

My chamber was a large, square room, barely and forbiddingly fur-

the window, with the foot toward the door. It may be that it was set two feet from the wall; at any rate, I could not see behind it. There was a canopy of thin, white cloth suspended from the ceiling, where it was passed through a ring; and this fell at full width over head and foot, so

that the door was shut out from view. The door had a heavy lock, an antiquated thing, which turned, as I had discovered when I locked it upon going out, precisely the way it shouldn't. It remains but to say that the room was cold and draughty; that the wind rattled the window—rattled it so loudly that the noise drowned the creaking of the floor as I moved about—and that the candle, which the draught twice extinguished, did not light up the corners, but left them all in shadow.

Somewhat disturbed by the unfamiliarity of my surroundings, somewhat suspicious of an attempt upon my life, and shivering with cold, I jumped into bed. But it was not with any expectation of soon falling asleep that I abandoned myself to the pillows. Nevertheless, I was soon in that period of hazy consciousness which comes before sleep—that dull, uncaring state, wherein the real is one with the unreal; wherein concern for the one is submerged in lazy interest in the phantoms of the other.

I began to think of the old bed upon which I lay. How often had death hovered about it? What pains, what fret, and fear, had it not held? What tears? what remorse? It was an old bed; it had survived generations; it had known men from the first cry of infancy to the last gasp of age. If the souls of the men who had therein

waited for the morning—if the spirits of all those men might return again—if the fears and agonies they suffered might be written on their faces, what a book of human sorrows, page upon page, endlessly . . . an infinite record of ills to which the flesh and spirit are. . . .

Whereupon, I fell asleep. When I awoke, I awoke suddenly, even violently, with every faculty on the instant abnormally sensitive to impressions—rather when I was awakened. But by what? by whom? I did not know. The wind had fallen; it could have been no violent blast beating against the house. The night had cleared; bright moonlight came in through the window; the narrow beam fell across my bed from left to right near the foot; it was sharply defined from the gloom of the room—like the beam of a searchlight. My

head and shoulders were in the gloom; hidden, indeed, in the deeper shadow of the canopy. I saw nothing to excite my alarm; nevertheless, I had been awakened; of that I was sure. But by what? by whom? I had locked the door; I distinctly remembered so doing; no one could have entered.

I heard a footfall and a creak. The creak was repeated before full silence fell again. The place whence the sound came was curtained from me by the canopy; it was between the bed and the door. Then I heard



"The wind had risen—a gusty wind."



Edgar Bert Smillie '63

"The face was suspended full in the moonlight."

(but whence, I could not tell) a low moan—the moan of one whose wounds hurt him past bearing; yet more than that: an infinitely patient moan, quivering, fading to a sigh. Following fast upon the silence came the dark. A cloud drifted over the moon—some impenetrable cloud. Until that moment, I had not known what a multitude of terrors can throng the dark. Had my throat not been stiff with horror, I should have cried out. I felt that I had been abandoned to silence and to darkness; and I was afraid.

Not to silence! I heard the moan again—the moan of a man who has suffered wounds. It was stronger, now, and came from the darkness to the right; but it quivered, and faded to a sigh, as before. A gasp of fright—the catching of a breath—sounded from that place whence the footfall and creak had come. It was followed by a third groan, and by a scraping, as of a dragging foot; but there was no long, quivering sigh.

Then some heavy thing was laid on my bed at the foot. It flashed over me that it was a hand. I felt it wander over the coverlet. It rested—then crept toward my right foot, which it lightly gripped. So complete was the paralysis of fear into which I had fallen that I could not move my foot.

Light filtered for a moment through a rent in the cloud which had blotted out the moon. For the space of a sigh, the gloom was thinned so that I could see the things within, in vague, distorted outline; then deep night fell again. Some shape did stand beside my bed. I had seen it; but dim light plays tricks with familiar objects; and the things a man sees in fear he sees with no true vision. I tried to lay the shape to gloom and terror; they had turned a shadow into some spectral monster, I told myself; they had spun

a ghostly shape of shadows. But I could not thus deceive myself. Whose hand, then, wandered over the coverlet?

“Louis! Oh, Louis!”

These words, in a quivering whisper, came from my right, whence the footfall and creak and gasp had come. Three footsteps followed. The boards creaked. A current of air rustled the canopy. I heard a sharp sob. Immediately the call of the name was repeated. This was in a sigh; and there was an unfathomable depth of hopelessness in that sigh; it might have been the last sigh of a soul departing from all those places which are lovely. The moment of waiting for what might come was full of clammy horror for me. A stream of bright light, striking through the window without warning, brought it to an end. The cloud had passed; but that which was disclosed only supplanted horror of the unknown with fear of the seen and tangible.

The window was high and narrow; hence the beam of light which fell across my bed revealed only those things which lay in its course; the gloom still held its place above and below the shaft, where, by contrast, all was dark. I saw a face in the beam—rather, a head suspended there. So far as my eyes told me, there was no body attached to it; there was nothing below the throat. The moonlight fell upon it from behind. It appeared to me in vague profile. The face was white—but of that ghostly, greening white which moonlight imparts to pallid flesh; the color of life was not there. Long black hair fell awry over the forehead; the eyes were sunken, the cheeks cadaverous, the lips thin. Over all was a look which proclaimed that this was, or had been, the face of a man who had abandoned himself to remorse and despair.

"Louis!"

It was a gasp of fright—a word uttered with indrawn breath. A startling change swept over the face. The look of dull wretchedness vanished; and there flashed up in its stead an expression of utter terror—wide eyes, alight with fear; gaping mouth; brow damp and glistening. The eyes were fixed, not upon me,

running from right to left; not done with a knife, but made by a blow, which, as I further perceived, had crushed the frontal bone. Blood was clotted about this wound. The face was set, as if nerveless; though, indeed, it may have worn a look of reproach.

There was silence for a full minute. I turned from face to face.



Edgar B. Smith. '93.

"I felt for a heart beat."

but upon something on the other side of my bed.

"Why did you kill me, brother?"

That voice came from the other side of the bed, where, out of the dark, the wandering hand had come. I turned my eyes in that direction. There, suspended in the moonbeam, near the coverlet, but beyond it, was another face. It was the counterpart of that which I had first seen—feature for feature, wrinkle for wrinkle, hair for hair. It was full in the moonlight. I perceived that the forehead was gashed—a long wound,

Reproach looked upon terror, and terror, transfixed, upon reproach. Lips moved, but no words issued from them. The wind was rising again. It rattled my windows, swished over the floor, and gave long moans in the corridor. Once more the old building awoke to whisperings and sighs. Suddenly the light faded—rose and failed again—faded—expired. It was pitch dark.

"Louis!"

The scream rang out again and yet again—long drawn, piercing, uttered in the extremity of terror. Three

times it struck my heart, as though bent on depriving me of my senses. It savored of depths of woe men dare not contemplate. Consciousness wavered. I struggled to re-establish it.

"Help!"

Help? I was myself again. Help? It was the guillotine he should have! I flung back the bed-coverings, and leaped out. My strength returned; my brain was clear, my purpose sure; for I thought I had solved the puzzle. I made for the place where the terrified face had hung. In a moment, I had my arms about a man of flesh and blood—a man who fought as if he were in the clutches of the fiend, at last: who struck, and gripped, and felt for my throat with all the strength and cunning we attribute to the insane. Once he caught my throat. I felt his fingers closing in; but I am a strong man, and I wrenched his hand away. In the end, I overbore him. I pinned him down. He cursed—gasped, groaned, sighed, and turned silent and limp under me.

Almost before I had drawn on my trousers and lighted the candle, I heard footfalls—the footfalls of two—coming in haste down the corridor.

"Open, Monsieur! For the love of God, open the door!"

It was Dupont's voice. Madame echoed the plea.

"Enter!" I shouted.

I stepped quickly toward the door to unlock it. But it yielded to the pressure of Dupont's hand. It flashed over me that I had been deceived by the old lock—that I had not shot the bolt, after all.

"Where is my son?" Madame cried.

"Hush!" her husband exclaimed,

catching her arm. "Do you want to wake the town?"

The wind was now making noise enough to cover every sound. Even had I not been the only guest in the house that night, no voice could bring intruders. But Madame was quiet enough. She was bending over the limp body on the floor. When the man recovered consciousness, she came to me.

"It was a quarrel," she cried. "He did not mean to strike so hard a blow. I have lost one son—one of twin sons. Let me keep the other. Don't call the gendarmes. They will have no mercy on him. He loved his brother. It was a quarrel; and so quick did it come that he had no time to think. The bar was there beside him. It was the devil who placed it there. It was not the fault of my boy. Let him go! Let us bury his brother in peace! Let us do as we planned! If Dupont had not mistaken the room—Oh, go your way, Monsieur! Leave our last son to us!"

It was all plain to me. This man had struck his brother, had hidden him away, had come in the night to mourn. I could do more than shield him. It seemed to me that I could restore his brother alive. He had revived once; he was surely not dead. So we wrenched the bed from the floor and drew it out. We lifted the wounded man tenderly, and laid him down. I felt for a heart beat.

"Is he living?" whispered Madame.

"He is alive!" I answered.

Madame touched my hand. She said—well, the wind was blowing noisily then, and it may be that I did not hear aright; moreover, I was very busy.

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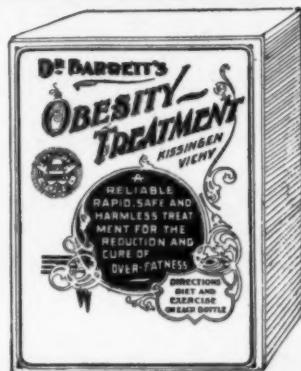
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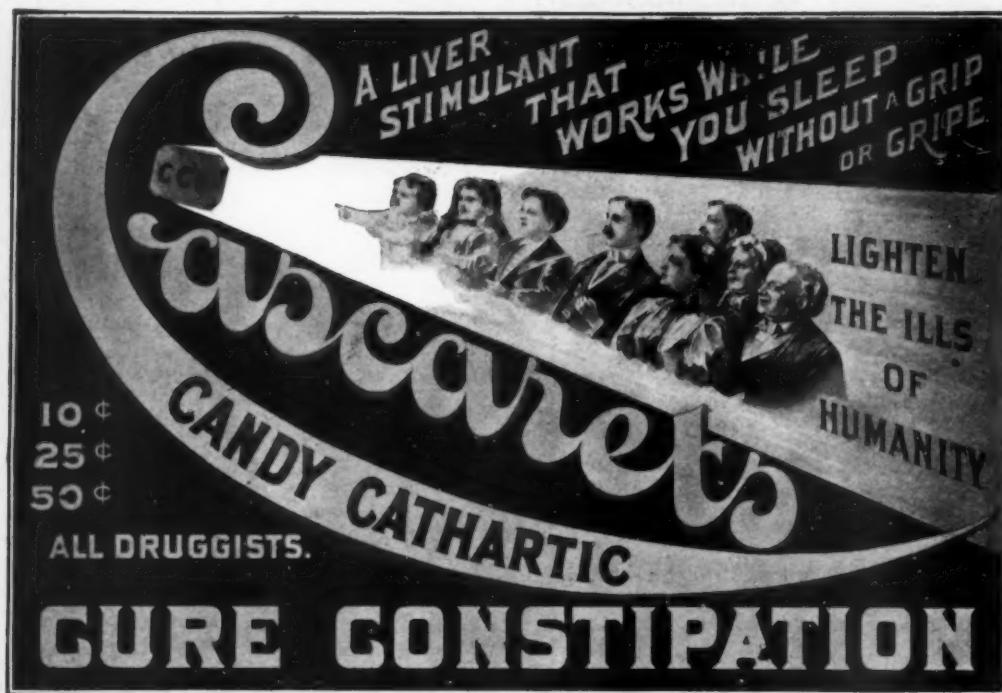
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*The Minutes You Give to This System To-day
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CATARRH

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IN ANY STAGE THE TREATMENT COSTS YOU NOTHING.

YOU doubtless have catarrh and want to be cured. You have tried nearly everything. Yet there is only one absolutely known cure for catarrh in America, and that is MEDERINE, the great Blood and Catarrh cure. It acts directly upon the mucous membrane through the blood, opens up the nasal passages, sothes and allays all inflammation of the affected parts, reaches the seat of the disease by filtering, cleansing and purifying the blood. MEDERINE has revolutionized the treatment and cure of catarrh, and created the greatest sensation in medical circles.

THOUSANDS OF CATARRH sufferers in every section of the country bear testimony to being cured of CATARRH by the only remedy that cures—**MEDERINE**.
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PRICE \$1.00 PER BOTTLE Sent express prepaid if your druggist does not carry MEDERINE in stock. **6 BOTTLES FOR \$5.00**

Mederine Ointment the new treatment for Eczema, Salt-rheum, Old and Running Sores, Boils, Ulcers, etc., per box.

Mederine Soap for toilet, bath and nursery, vitalizes the skin; a complexion beautifier, a perfect cure for dandruff and all scalp and skin diseases. Price 25c.

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A Paper for the Farmer Who Thinks.

It deals with the larger questions which interest the intelligent tiller of the soil. Send 25 cents for a three months' trial subscription and get a copy of that invaluable little book "The Farmers' Purchasing Guide," FREE.

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Varoma

Valuable in all cases of

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Makes the air of the entire sick-room aseptic. Relieves all throat and lung diseases—asthma, bronchitis, pneumonia, consumption.

As a germicide, disinfects perfectly (without injury to the most delicate fabrics) sick-rooms, closets, cellars, etc.

The vapor is non-poisonous, non-irritating and agreeable.

At all Druggists, with metal vaporizer, lamp and specially constructed cup, complete in neat box, \$1.00; also separately.

The VAROMA COMPANY, New York
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"The Most Perfect Complexion Improver of the Century."

A skin food, purely vegetable, which takes the place of a powder, softens and whitens the skin, removes Blackheads, Moth Patches and Pimples, and cleanses the pores.

Price 50c per jar.

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MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

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THE INSTITUTION THAT IS RECOGNIZED BY BUSINESS MEN. This is an advantage you certainly appreciate. We are glad to have you ask us what have we done—What are our students doing? We will answer completely if you write. Send for our 64-page prospectus and bundle of affidavits.

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THE RED BOOK ADVERTISING SECTION

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You Nothing
IF
Life Plant
THE GREAT
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A medication differ-
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Skin Soreness,

Itching, Chafing, Scalding, Nettle Rash, Burns,
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At Drug & Toilet Stores, 25c. Large trial pkg. free.
COMFORT POWDER CO., Hartford, Conn.

SOCIETY'S MOXA

**MARGARET POTTER'S
"A SOCIAL LION"**

Story Called Risque; Plot Laid in Chicago, Represents
Supposed Scenes in the Town's High Society.

MISS POTTER, daughter of Orrin W. Potter, one of Chicago's millionaires, hid her identity behind the name of Robert Dolly Williams when writing her remarkable novel "A Social Lion."

A few sweeps of the pen of a young girl with school days but a few months behind her.

"Oh, masculine one, husbands, brothers, lovers and would-be Brummels, how long will you continue to regard femininity as big-eyed and innocently gullible? Just so long, perhaps, as you have anything to conceal. But do you fancy that your own vices are not strongly mirrored in all those artless little heads? Have they, think you, neither knowledge nor suspicion in their befrizzled depths? Because women are not supposed to play poker or drink things stronger than unliquored oyster cocktails, do you imagine that they have no ideas upon these subjects, and have not at times earnestly longed to enjoy them, have never experienced the actual vulgarity of masculine existence? And do you still fancy that they are not aware of the worst things that you do? It might, perhaps, come as something of a shock to your manly nerves to hear stories that you have done your best to keep from the ears of your own boon companions, fall from the rosily transparent lips of some carefully bred young girl sitting cozily with a group of her kind, who in the daintily bedrooms are sipping warm lemond tea and crumbling lady fingers. Have you any conception of the thoughts floating through the brain of that demure little debutante in blue and silver who rests as heavily as a bit of thistle down on your arm as you promenade sedately around the ballroom? Have you any idea that she is recalling some of the most unpardonable scenes of your own wildest grain days? No; well, well, a man is sometimes less concealed than one would fancy."

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"Miss Potter has an energy and vividness in her style of writing as is evidenced by her description of a gambling scene in the 'All-Sinners' Club.' There is much of the realistic in her description of a midnight revel. The story of Pastor Snapping's intrigue with the heroine's mother is 'spicy,' to say the least. 'The book, it is said, was published from the private purse of the young woman.'—From CHICAGO DAILY PRESS.

We will furnish copies of a private edition of "A Social Lion," 432 pages, illustrated from life, and bound in silk and gold, on receipt of \$1.50 each. (Originally published at \$2.50.) The book will be sent express prepaid. Address all orders to

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Best in the world
Positively Harmless Sold by all Druggists and
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ALL SILK UMBRELLA

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DETACHABLE HANDLE

Simply press the spring and off comes the handle. Fits into
a trunk or suit case. No more trouble packing umbrella when
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The Master Specialist of Chicago, who
Cures Varicocele. Established 1880.
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Hydrocele**

VARICOCELE Under my treatment this insidious disease rapidly disappears. Pain ceases almost instantly. The stagnant blood is driven from the dilated veins and all soreness vanishes and swelling subsides. Every indication of Varicocele vanishes and in its stead comes the pleasure of perfect health.

I cure to stay cured. Contagious Blood Poison, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Nervous Debility, and allied troubles. My methods of treatment and cure are original with me and cannot be obtained elsewhere. I make no experiments. All cases I take I cure.

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CURED IN FIVE DAYS
NO CUTTING OR PAIN
GUARANTEED CURE OR
MONEY REFUNDED**

ROUTES AND RATES OF FARE VIA THE
Baltimore & Ohio Railroad
 TO THE MEETING OF THE
National Educational Association
 TO BE HELD AT BOSTON, MASS., JULY 6 TO 10, 1903

THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD has always been known as the Picturesque Route of America, and a journey over this popular road in Summer time is most delightful. The route is through the heart of the Alleghany Mountains, along the Historic Potomac River, and passes through Pittsburg, Harper's Ferry, Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia, to New York.

RATES FROM CHICAGO—Via Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, thence by the Fall River Line to Boston, returning same route, \$24.00. The steamers of the Fall River Line are the largest and most magnificently appointed steamboats in the world, and the trip from New York to Boston via this route is very enjoyable.

Via Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York, thence by the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, returning same route, \$25.00.

Via Washington and Baltimore, thence by the Merchants' & Miners' Steamers to Boston or Providence (thence via rail to Boston), returning same route, \$30.00, including meals and stateroom on the boat. This is known as the "Queen of Sea Routes," and takes in the Chesapeake Bay, Newport News, Old Point Comfort, and Norfolk, including a sea voyage of thirty-eight hours on the Atlantic Ocean. The steamers of the Merchants' & Miners' Line are built of steel, over the most approved models, and are provided with every appliance for safety and comfort. The appointments are first-class in every respect, and the cuisine is unexcelled. Steamers leave Baltimore for Boston every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 6:00 p. m. For Providence every Sunday, Wednesday, and Friday at 6:00 p. m. Under this arrangement there will be a steamer for Boston July 2 and 4, and for Providence July 3, all of which will land passengers at Boston in time for the opening session of the Association. Those who desire to travel via this route should reserve their staterooms as soon as possible, applications for which should be made to W. W. Picking, District Passenger Agent, 244 Clark St., Chicago.

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All of the above rates include the \$2.00 membership fee of the Association.

Variable route rates returning via all other lines, may be had on application.

STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES—On the going trip stop-over will be allowed at Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia within the transit limits of the ticket, July 6th.

On all tickets returning from Boston, via the **BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD**, and New York, stop-over will be allowed at New York within the final return limit of the ticket, September 1. Stop over will also be allowed at Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, not to exceed ten days at each point.

On tickets via Baltimore and the Merchants' & Miners' Line a stop of one day in each direction is made at Norfolk and Old Point Comfort. On the going trip stop-over will be allowed at Washington and Baltimore, within the transit limits of the ticket, and on the return trip at Baltimore, and Washington, not to exceed ten days at each point.

Stop-over on the return trip will also be allowed at Deer Park, Mountain Lake Park, and Oakland, Maryland.

In no case will stop-over be allowed beyond the final return limit of the ticket, Sept. 1.

DATES OF SALE—Tickets will be sold July 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, and will be valid for return passage leaving Boston not earlier than July 8, nor later than July 12, subject to an extension of return limit to September 1, by deposit of the ticket with the Joint Agent at Boston, and on payment of fifty cents.

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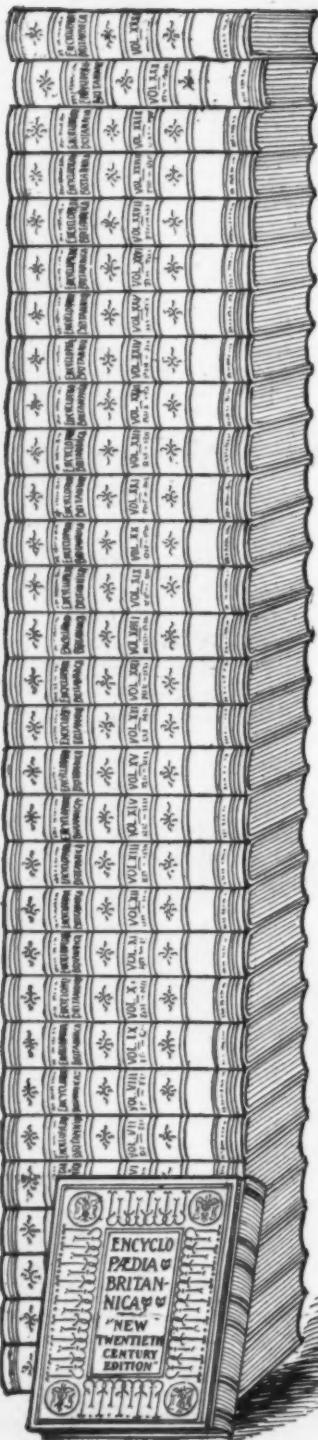


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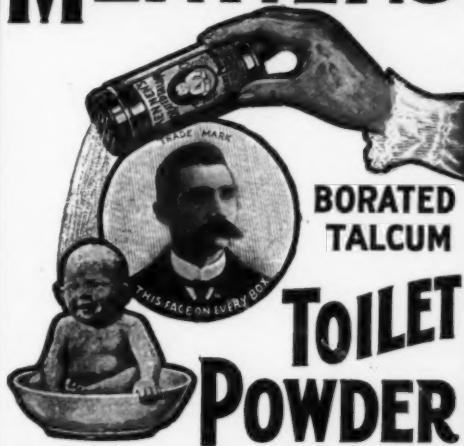


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